

Jinks and Betty



MYRA G. REED

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JINKS AND BETTY





It was a delightfully mysterious cave.

JINKS AND BETTY

By
Myra G. Reed



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CHAPTER 1

The Barrel Clown

Jinks was in bed with a broken leg, and for several days he had been angry with Betty. He had felt worse the day before, when mother told him that Betty was well enough, again, to go outdoors. It seemed an injustice. Now, however, he had decided that perhaps she was not to blame for being so fat, and he ought to make up after all. He knew, of course, that she wouldn't have wanted him to break his leg.

You see, it all happened in this way. Jinks and Betty were neighbors, and they always did everything together. Jinks' mother declared that Jinks had even waited to learn to talk until Betty grew old enough to keep pace with him.

Well, two weeks ago, the circus had come to Watertown, and, of course, Betty and Jinks had

Jinks and Betty

to go. They started out hand in hand, with Betty's father along, to buy the lemonade and the popcorn and the peanuts, and ran almost the whole way. The very first person they saw when they reached the grounds was the clown, who was sticking his funny head out of a flap at the side of a tent.

Although Jinks tried to stop her, because he didn't think it was proper to speak to circus people without being introduced, Betty burst right out:

"Hello, Mr. Clown!"

Now, Jinks would have expected the clown to resent such impertinence, but he didn't. He turned around to Betty.

"How do you know I'm a clown?"

"Because you've got red speckles on your suit," Betty answered urbanely.

They found their seats, the best seats in the tent, too, right in the second row in the very center — it paid to go to the circus with a father instead of a mother, Jinks decided privately — and they had hardly finished one bag of popcorn when they saw the clown again. He was behind a post, and he was winking at them just as hard as he



"How do you know I'm a clown?"

Jinks and Betty

could wink. Jinks winked back. He felt that since Betty had already spoken there could be no harm now in continuing the acquaintance. Jinks could wink, but Betty couldn't without screwing her face all up.

Although the clown had big red horns and a red nose and red ears, really the funniest part of him was his barrel. He never moved without his barrel. Most of the time he was rolling around inside of it. Sometimes the donkey would push the barrel around the ring with his nose, and, once, just as the clown got opposite them, he threw a ball of ribbon-confetti at them, and it wound itself all around Betty and Jinks, and even Betty's father. But it was most exciting when the clown and the barrel came clattering down the horses' incline by themselves. He would bob his head and his feet up and down in the funniest kind of way, to avoid getting bumps.

Jinks nearly knocked Betty off the seat in his excitement. "I'm going to do that, down our hill," he cried.

Betty nodded back. "And just think of having a really-truly clown in a circus pay attention to us!"

Chapter One

Betty took hold of her father's hand. "Father, let's ask him to dinner."

Father hesitated a moment; then he said gravely: "I don't believe you're old enough to have clowns to dinner yet, Betty. Perhaps the next time the circus comes you can invite him if you still want to get acquainted."

Betty was disappointed, but there were so many animals and fat ladies and legless wonders to look at, that she forgot a little bit. The very minute she got home, however, she went out to the barn to look for a barrel like the clown's. Then she tied the red and white flag to the apple tree to announce to Jinks that she wanted to consult with him.

"I've found a barrel," she said excitedly, as he came over the fence. She drew him to the barn and pointed to a solid looking one standing in the corner.

"It's pretty small," declared Jinks somewhat doubtfully.

"But if you had a bigger one your head and legs couldn't come out to jump around as the clown's did."

"Well, you go get my hatchet and I'll take the

Jinks and Betty

barrel around the barn to the hill." Jinks spoke somewhat patronizingly. He felt that the hero of such an exploit as he was going to attempt ought to have some dignity.

In a minute Betty was back with the hatchet and they soon had the bottom of the barrel chopped out.

Jinks placed the barrel carefully, and inserted a foot.

"Oh, I want to go first," clamored Betty, catching hold of the barrel.

"Why, you're not going at all. It isn't safe for girls."

"Now, Jinks Patterson, don't you be a silly. I guess I can jump off just as high places as you can, and run just as fast, and I'm not a bit more afraid of the dark than you are."

"Well, you can't go first, anyway," declared Jinks stubbornly.

"You're a stingy!"

Jinks considered. Mother always told him that if he wanted to be as nice as father, he must always give women and little girls first place. Then, besides, he had to admit it was Betty's barrel, after all.

Chapter One

"All right, Betty," he declared magnanimously; "you go first."

Betty thought a minute. She could not be outdone like that. "No, I don't care, Jinks. I was only fooling. You go first."

"Nope, girls always first."

"I'll tell you what!" Betty exclaimed. "We'll both go down together."

It did not sound very feasible when Jinks looked at Betty's fat little person, but he was willing to try.

"We can stick in better that way," Betty explained. "You'd roll around so much the other way." She started to get in, but Jinks stopped her halfway.

"I'll tell you. Let's be real acrobats, and climb down into it from the rope."

They rolled the barrel back to the side of the barn, and stood it, end up, under the second-story window. Jinks hauled out the rope from where it was hidden in Old Billy's feed-box, and they tied it around one of the posts on the second floor, Betty tugging at one end and Jinks the other to pull the knot tight. Then they dropped the free end out of the window into the barrel.

Jinks and Betty

Betty slid over the window-sill, and climbed, hand over hand, down the rope into the barrel. Jinks followed, and although it was a hard matter squeezing into the barrel from such an unsteady support as the rope, he finally accomplished it. Then they knocked the barrel over with their feet, still holding onto the rope so that they would not fall too heavily. A minute afterward, by working both hands and feet, they were rolling merrily toward the brow of the hill.

As they reached it, Jinks gave a hard push, and they were off. It was a fairly smooth path that he had chosen for their descent, but his push swerved the barrel, which clattered over stones and bumps, gathering speed as it went, in a most uncomfortable way. First, Betty bumped her head, and then Jinks bumped his head, and then they bumped each other's heads in their efforts to avoid the ground. Jinks tried to stop their headlong flight with his foot, but that only served to give his leg a wrench and to send the barrel off in another direction. Both of them made determined efforts to squeeze out of the barrel, but their struggling was no use; they were wedged in tight.

Chapter One

When they finally landed at the foot of the hill, Betty's head was bleeding, and her face, black and dirty from the ground, was scratched and bruised in a dozen places.

"If you hadn't been so fat, we could have gotten out," cried Jinks resentfully, although somewhat weakly.

"You horrid thing!" said Betty, bursting into tears, the blood running down into her eyes in a most annoying fashion.

By this time Jinks' father had arrived. He wiped Betty's face, and tried to pull her out; but each time he hauled, both of the prisoners cried with pain.

Father went for the hatchet, his face looking almost as if he were trying to keep from laughing, but by the time he came back he was grave again. He carefully broke the barrel open, and stood Betty on her feet. But Jinks could not stand up. He had broken his leg, and although it was not a very bad break, as they afterward discovered, it meant several weeks in bed for him. And that was why Jinks was lying in bed deciding that, after all, it wasn't Betty's fault that she was fat, and that he guessed he would write her a note

Jinks and Betty

telling her he was sorry he had spoken to her so crossly. Besides, the loveliest plan had just occurred to him. There was all kinds of excitement connected with it, and he needed Betty's help to carry it out.

CHAPTER 2

The Sad End of Peter Pumpkin

It was Hallowe'en, and although Jinks was still on crutches with his broken leg, and was only allowed out of the nursery for a couple of hours each day, he and Betty and Mike-the-Dog were having a lovely afternoon. Mike was a very important dog just at present. Before Jinks was hurt he had never been allowed inside the house, but now the door was always open for him, and sometimes they even gave him chocolate creams to coax him inside.

Jinks pulled some papers aside from where they had been piled in one corner of the window-seat, and underneath was a big yellow pumpkin.

"Did you ever see such a beauty, Betty?" he cried.

Betty stroked its fat surface.

"Did your father buy it for you?"

"Yep, and we're going to have just the best kind

Jinks and Betty

of a Jack-o'-Lantern, even if I have got a broken leg. You'll have to get the stuff ready, though, because I can't carry anything with these old crutches."

Betty spread thick wrapping paper over the nursery table so that they could more easily gather up the débris, and then, with much labor, set Peter Pumpkin upon it.

The two knives they had were not very sharp, so that first Jinks sawed and scraped until his arm was tired, and then Betty began. They cut a round hole in the top big enough for a hand to go into easily, and through this they scraped out the soft interior. Mike was walking around very importantly, as if he were helping, too, but he really did nothing more than try to eat the insides of Peter Pumpkin.

When the interior was all scraped clean of pumpkin, and Mike had smelled of it and barked at it once or twice, they drew on the outside with a red crayon, two eyes, a nose, and a big saw-like mouth. They had to rub off the marks several times before they could get the pumpkin to look as they thought Peter Pumpkin should, but finally they succeeded, and then they followed the crayon

Chapter Two

lines with their knives, cutting out holes for the eyes, and the nose, and the mouth. Peter Pumpkin, however, was not to be born without a mishap. Jinks' hand slipped when he was cutting out the nose, and he tore out the piece of the shell between it and the mouth. They stared at Peter Pumpkin in dismay for a moment, until Betty exclaimed:

"Don't you care, Jinks. We'll paste some red tissue paper over that part of him, and when the candle light shines through, Peter Pumpkin will look funnier than ever."

It was five o'clock before they had him finished, so that Betty could go to the grocery store and buy the candle with the penny they had carefully hoarded for that purpose all the week.

The minute Betty put on her coat, Mike stood up, and, putting out his tongue, began to pant as if he were dreadfully warm. It was a way he had when he wanted to get outdoors.

Jinks tousled his head. "You silly old Mike. You can't fool us now as you did in the summertime. You're not a bit warm."

Betty studied them soberly for a moment.

"Jinks," she cried, "do you remember the paper pampkins we used to make in school? They had

Jinks and Betty

tongues hanging out that would move around when you pulled the string."

"Yes, and we can give one to Peter Pumpkin." Jinks tried to stand up in his excitement.

"A paper tongue would be pretty flimsy," said Betty doubtfully.

"Do you know what? We can give him a tongue like Mike's. We can make it out of a piece of liver."

"Jinks Patterson, you're just great. We'll even scare Mike with him, won't we?"

Jinks hobbled over to the shelf and brought down his bank. He shook and shook until finally a nickel dropped out. "You take that and buy some liver and hurry back."

Mike was excited at once when he discovered what an interesting tongue Peter Pumpkin was going to have. Jinks had to make him go over to the far corner and lie down.

With the scissors they cut the liver the same shape as Mike's tongue, but long enough to reach 'way back into Peter Pumpkin's head. Jinks got a coil of wire from his tool-box, and ran this down into the tongue, so that it would not be quite so flappy. He left a little twist of it sticking out

Chapter Two

from the end inside of the head for Betty to tie a string to when she set Peter Pumpkin up on his pedestal.

They gave Mike the pieces of liver left over after making the tongue, but he swallowed them in two mouthfuls, and from his corner regarded Peter Pumpkin with intent eyes.

They had inserted the candle and were lighting it when an idea came to Betty. "Jinks, that candle'll burn the red tissue paper right up." She regarded Peter Pumpkin with tragedy in her eyes.

Jinks blew out the match in his hand. He slipped over beside Betty.

"Betty," he whispered, "I know a way to fix it up much better. You know the electric lamp on the table by the window in the library. If you will unscrew the electric bulb, and then the little clamp that holds the socket in place, you can pull the tube out that runs up through the center of the lamp. You can screw the bulb on the tube again, and then put it inside of Peter Pumpkin. The tube is so long it will reach 'way outdoors. That will make Peter Pumpkin show up much better than a candle would, and it won't burn the paper."

Jinks and Betty

"But won't your mamma care?" questioned Betty, a little awed by the highness of the plan.

"She doesn't need to know about it until afterwards, and then she'll laugh and forget to scold. Besides," added Jinks, with a grown-up air, "I don't think it's safe for you to carry Peter Pumpkin downstairs with a lighted candle inside of him."

Betty felt very important as she carried Peter Pumpkin downstairs — who was not so heavy as he had been when he was just a pumpkin — and with the electric-light bulb inside of him, jammed him down on the point of a stick set up in the garden by the library window. Mike had followed her down, but he pretended a profound indifference to Peter Pumpkin.

Then, breathlessly, she ran upstairs again to see if Jinks wanted her to do anything else before she turned on the switch in the library.

Jinks was leaning out of the window pulling the string which worked the tongue up and down, and Betty grabbed him by the arm.

"Jinks, it's all ready," she cried. But just then Peter Pumpkin was suddenly flooded with light.

Chapter Two

Someone had turned on the switch in the library. At the same instant, there was a crash; the light went out again, and immediately there came a howl of pain from Mike.

Jinks beat his hands up and down on the window-sill in his impatience at not being able to see what had happened, and Betty rushed off, falling down half the stairs in her anxiety to get there. Jinks' father was out in the garden and Mrs. Patterson was leaning out of the library window.

Poor Peter Pumpkin lay in pieces on the ground and Mike was whimpering beside him. Mr. Patterson brought the dog inside, and when they opened his mouth they discovered a long, deep cut. He was still holding to the tell-tale liver tongue, and on it was the piece of glass from the broken electric bulb which had cut his mouth. They doctored him up as well as they could, and led him upstairs to Jinks.

Mrs. Patterson looked at Jinks.

"Jinks, you've been told not to meddle with the electric lights. Did you tell Betty to do this?"

"Yes, mother." Jinks hung his head.

"Well, we won't say anything more about it this time, because I imagine Mike's being hurt is

Jinks and Betty

punishment enough for you, but next time you must talk to me first about your plans."

Jinks drew his mother's head down and kissed her. Mothers were a pretty nice kind of people, after all. Then he dragged himself over to where Mike was lying and patted him gently.

"Poor doggie," he said aloud. But in Mike's ear he whispered: "Your mouth doesn't hurt you a bit more than my leg does sometimes, and I don't think it was a bit nice of you, Mike, to go and break Peter Pumpkin — after you watched us make him, too, and after we had already given you some of his tongue to eat!"

CHAPTER 3

Tom the Turkey is Rescued

It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, and Betty and Jinks were coming home together from school.

"Jinks," said Betty, with her most serious air, "I heard mamma talking about the Aud'bum Society this morning when I got up."

"Yes," remarked Jinks absent-mindedly. He was more interested in a big snowbank he saw ahead, wondering, if he took a long run, how far he could dive through it.

"She says it's criminal to kill birds." Betty waited gravely until Jinks emerged from the deep snowbank and shook off the snow from his clothes.

"We're going to eat Tom for Thanksgiving dinner, and I think it's just as bad to kill turkeys as birds."

"Oh, Tom'll never know he's killed. And think

Jinks and Betty

how nice and fat he is." Jinks was plainly not at all impressed.

"I don't care. I don't think it's a bit nice to Tom. After we raised him from a baby, too. We ought to take him away where father or anybody couldn't get him."

"Take him away! Say, wouldn't that be great fun!"

"Where could we take him to?" Betty expanded at once, now that Jinks was going to play, too. "To grandma's?"

"No," answered Jinks with deliberation. "She might send us home. I think we'd better just start off by ourselves as if we were going on a trip. When does your father expect to kill Tom?"

"To-morrow noon when he comes home for lunch."

"We'd better start to-morrow morning, then. They'll think we've gone to school, and we can ask to take our lunches so that they won't miss us when we don't come home at noon."

Betty jumped into a snowbank in her glee.

"Then we can stay away until just time for dinner, Thanksgiving. Of course, they won't kill Tom then."

Chapter Three

The next morning, at seven o'clock, Jinks came to the fence and whistled persistently for Betty.

"Betty," he whispered as she came running, "come on through and help me quick. Mother is still eating her breakfast and she won't see us."

He took Betty's hand and ran with her toward the barn. "Father's not going to use the wagon to-day, and if we can get out without being seen we can take Tom much farther in that."

They got the barn-door open, and both holding a shaft, pulled and hauled breathlessly until they had the wagon through the door and out behind the barn, where it could not possibly be seen from the house.

"Now you run to the house," panted Jinks, "and see if mother is back in the kitchen yet."

Betty ran, and reported no signs of an audience.

Going on tiptoe, they hauled the wagon back through the meadow and over to the clump of trees near the road, where it would be effectually hidden from the house.

"Now, Betty," Jinks declared, "we've got to have lots of blankets along to keep warm, because we don't know how long we're going to be gone, and you must get all you can from your house."

Jinks and Betty

Bring a can, too, to put some water in for Tom to drink when he gets thirsty.

"I'll get the carriage robe, and some oats and corn for the horse and for Tom, and something more to eat for us than our lunches, if I can. It'll be easy to get Bill out, and there's an old box in those trees down there which I can stand on to harness him. And, Oh," he added, as Betty turned demurely in at her house, "you get a gunny-sack to muzzle Tom with, and some rope to tie him with."

At half-past eight, Betty left the house with her mother's "Hurry to school; it's going to be a cold day," in her ears. Under ordinary conditions she would have felt conscience-stricken to be deceiving her mother in this way, but this time, instead, she felt highly virtuous. She had a mission. She was going to save her father from being Tom's murderer.

She went along the road toward school; but, as soon as she was out of sight of her mother's eyes, she darted back through the fields in the back, to the clump of trees by the road, where Jinks was waiting for her, with everything ready.

Bill was harnessed, and Tom was up in the back



She darted through the fields.

Jinks and Betty

of the wagon tied safely with a short length of clothes-line.

"He went up there himself after the corn," chuckled Jinks, "and he was so busy gobbling it up that he never noticed me tying the rope 'round his neck."

Betty scrambled up to the seat beside Jinks and snuggled down under the blankets. They were off, and they had a whole day and a half in which to travel and see the world. It was a joyously bright morning, and, covered with thick warm blankets as they were, the cold did not penetrate. Bill trotted along the still 'country roads as if he, 'oo, were enjoying himself immensely.

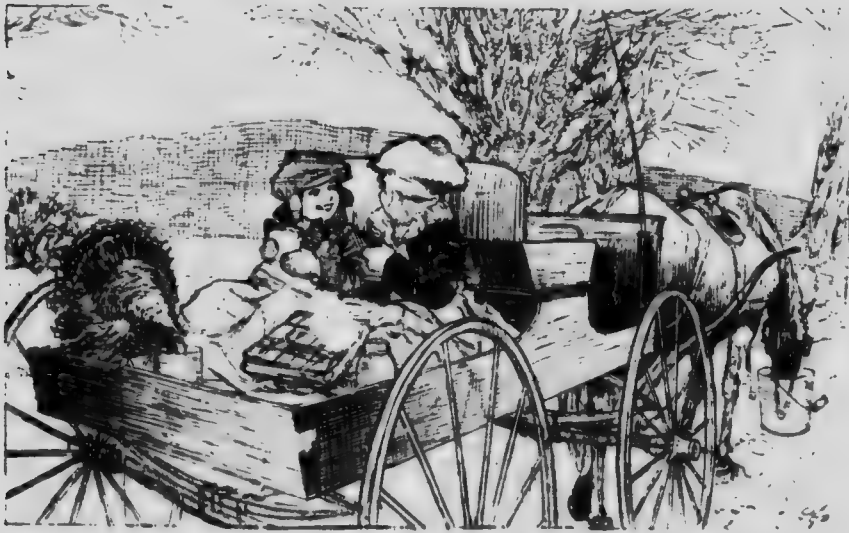
"I wrote a note to mamma," said Betty, "and told her that we were taking Tom away so that she could not kill him. I told her that if it was wrong for her Aud'bum Society to kill birds, it was for us to kill Tom."

"Why, Betty Ramsey, you've spoiled the whole thing. They'll know all about it now, and come right after us."

"No, they won't. I pinned it on the pillow in my bedroom. And mother always lets my bed air until afternoon. She won't find it until then."

Chapter Three

"You know, Jinks," Betty declared, after she had gazed solicitously at Tom for some time, "I don't think it's good for Tom to be cooped up in this wagon all day. He is so fat that he needs exercise. We had better tie him to the back of the wagon and make him run a while."



They pretended they were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

Jinks decided that was an excellent idea, and cautiously lengthening Tom's rope, decoyed him to the ground with some corn. Of course, it was hard to keep Bill down to a walk to accommodate Tom's gait, but they accomplished it for more than half the time at least.

Jinks and Bett

At noon they stopped, fed Bill and Tom, and ate every scrap of their own lunch. It was more fun than they had had for weeks, snuggling down, all warm and cozy in the back of the wagon, and pretending they were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, stranded on a desert island.

After their lunch, they decided they were tired of the road they were on, and would cut across the open space stretching out beside them, to see if there wasn't another and more interesting road farther over.

After a zigzag passage across the brush, they finally reached one that suited them, and putting Tom out of the wagon again, so that he would be sure to get exercise, they jogged on comfortably.

Around three o'clock, both Jinks and Betty began to get cold. Jinks felt rather unhappy, too, because he had met with an accident, although he was concealing it from Betty. He felt it wouldn't be manly to complain. He had got too near Tom when he was trying to get him back into the wagon, and Tom had bitten him on the finger. It wasn't a very bad bite, as turkey bites go, but it was quite bad enough to hurt considerably.

Chapter Three

Bill had walked almost a mile since either Jinks or Betty had said a word. Betty leaned back in her seat and momentarily laid a caressing hand on Tom's head. She knew as well as anybody that turkeys did not have a very amiable nature, but she felt that he certainly would be nice to her after she had been so solicitous for his welfare. But Tom had no such ideas. He reached up and before Betty could get away gave her hand a vicious peck. Tom had not been enjoying his trip that day.

Betty wanted to scream with the shock of the pain; but, feeling a strange shame at being thus treated by Tom, she hid her hand behind her while involuntary tears trickled down her nose. Jinks, however, was far too much engrossed in his own troubles anyway to notice that there was something wrong with Betty.

He turned around finally. "Betty, I think we're lost," he declared solemnly. "What's all that wet on your mitten?"

Betty looked down at her hand. "Blood," she said slowly with quivering lips. Getting bitten was one thing, but real blood was another. She put her head on Jinks' shoulder and sobbed aloud.

Jinks and Betty

"Tom bit me. Do you think it's a very bad bite?"

Jinks examined her hand judiciously. "I've got one, too, Betty, but I think yours is deeper than mine."

"He was a horrid old turkey, wasn't he, Jinks," Betty sobbed, "after we'd taken so much trouble for him?"

Jinks nodded his head. "Betty, I don't know the way home. Do you suppose Bill knows?"

"Perhaps. Let him try," Betty murmured from the depths of Jinks' small but comforting shoulder.

Jinks turned the wagon around, and tied the reins to the whip. "Please take us home, Bill," he called to the old horse. Then he snuggled down beside the still sobbing Betty.

"I hope we'll be home for Thanksgiving dinner," she whispered.

An hour or so later old Bill had found the road that led toward home, and was going along at a good gait — he was cold, too — when they met Mr. Patterson and Mr. Ramsey, in the Ramsey rig. Jinks and Betty trembled when they saw their fathers. Their adventure did not seem such a philanthropic undertaking as it had at first, but

Chapter Three

nothing in the way of criticism was said. Their wounded hands were sympathized with, and their account of their trip appreciatively listened to.

When they got home, their mothers, too, were just as pleasant as if nothing at all had happened. Jinks and Betty wondered. They did not usually escape punishment in this way. They were given a warm supper and put to bed, but that was not for punishment, because they were so sleepy they wanted to go to bed anyway.

The next day was Thanksgiving, and Jinks and his father and mother came over to Betty's house for dinner.

There was a big turkey on the table. Betty looked at her mother. "Is that my Tom?"

"No, dear, you walked so much of the fat off of Tom yesterday that he wouldn't have been very good to eat, I'm afraid."

Jinks' mother was served, and then Betty's mother, then Jinks' father, and then Betty's father, and all of them got big, heaping platefuls of turkey.

Then Jinks was served, but there was no turkey on his plate; just potatoes, and squash, and peas, and cranberry sauce. Then Betty was served,

Jinks and Betty

and there was no turkey on her plate either.

"Mamma, I haven't any turkey."

"No, dear. You and Jinks, of course, don't believe in eating turkey."

Jinks' lips quivered, and one or two tiny tears escaped from Betty's eyes.

If Jinks had been there without Betty, he might have cried, or if Betty had been there without Jinks, she might have cried; but since this was not the case, neither one would be the first to shed tears for such a little thing as "no turkey." But inwardly both Jinks and Betty decided that it was pretty hard to be made to stand for an opinion they had had a whole day before, and had completely got over by now. After dinner, when they talked it over, they agreed that the next time they did anything they shouldn't, they would ask to be spanked instead of being punished in this new way.

CHAPTER 4

The Making of Methusalem

For two weeks Jinks and Betty had thought of nothing else but the joyous fact that they were going to spend Christmas in the country, with Betty's grandmother. And now school had closed, and they had ridden on real trains to Merrytown, near where Grandmother Ramsey lived, and had, already, had two glorious days of real fun. Country fun was the only real fun, so Jinks declared.

You see, it wasn't only country, and snowbanks boy-and-girl high, and honey at every meal, but there was Grandfather Ramsey, too. Grandpa was pretty old, but not so old that he couldn't still enjoy snowballs and hide-and-go-seek and jumping-jacks. Grandpa even had a jumping-jack himself, which, when Jinks and Betty arrived, he brought forth from his store of treasures in an old chest up in the attic.

Methusalem, as grandpa called the jumping-

Jinks and Betty

jack, had been owned by Betty's father when he was a little boy, and although Jinks and Betty considered him great fun when he was made a third party to their explorations of the neighborhood, they felt sorry for grandpa because Methusalem was so dilapidated. Both his ears were gone and some by-gone dog had chewed off most of his gay coloring. Even one of his legs had departed.

It was now just two days before Christmas, and Jinks and Betty were getting into their rubber boots ready to go out for their regular morning inspection of the farm, when Jinks, who had been thinking very seriously while he pulled manfully at his boots, looked up at Betty.

"Betty," he said, "we ought to give grandpa a Christmas present!"

"But we haven't anything to give him," objected Betty.

"That's nothing. We can think up something."

Betty had a sudden inspiration. "Let's give him a new jumping-jack. Then he won't feel bad because Methusalem is so old and raggedy-looking."

"Where'll we get him? We haven't any money."

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"You whittle him out and I'll paint him with my paints. Mamma says it's much nicer to make Christmas presents than to buy them. Anyway, he'll like it much better than a store present."

"Hush!" cried Jinks in a loud whisper, "here comes grandpa! We mustn't let him hear." He caught Betty's hand. "Come on! Hurry up! I know where there's some wood that will be just right."

They slipped out of the door just before grandpa arrived, and ran around back of the barn to the woodshed, where in a corner lay the short thin plank that Jinks had in mind. He took his jack-knife out of his pocket, and tested it against the plank. "We couldn't wait till after Christmas, could we, Betty? My knife's pretty dull, and I think, perhaps, I'll get another one for Christmas."

"I should say not, Jinks Patterson; that's no way to give a Christmas present!"

"All right," said Jinks. "It'll be more fun to make it to-day anyway."

So, for practically the whole morning, Jinks whittled and carved, and as fast as he finished one piece Betty painted it. When they finally laid him out, with arms and legs where they should be,

Jinks and Betty

they had a most gorgeous Methusalem-the-Second, with a black hat, Colonial style, and a white band around it, a red jacket with white buttons, red trousers, brown stockings. and shoes with white buckles.

Jinks looked at him meditatively. "Do you remember, Betty, that jumping-jack I used to have? He fitted into a box, so that he looked much funnier when his legs and arms wriggled. Why don't you ask grandpa for that wooden nail-box of his for Methusalem-the-Second?"

Betty went out and reconnoitered until she discovered grandpa smoking his pipe on the porch, and a few moments later she returned with the coveted box. Methusalem-the-Second was soon installed, but then came the problem of how to make his legs and arms wriggle. They tied strings to him in every possible way, but Methusalem-the-Second steadfastly refused to respond in the proper manner.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Betty. You tie ropes to my legs and arms, and then if mine wriggle up and down right, we can tie the jumping-jack's that way."

Betty secured an old clothes-line from grandma,

Chapter Four

and in the seclusion of the field back of the barn, where grandpa couldn't see them, Betty tied Jinks up. Jinks lay on the ground and Betty pulled every way, but his legs and arms would not work like the jumping-jack's. They would pull down,



His legs and arms would not work.

of course, but once they were down no amount of pulling on the rope could succeed in pulling them back again.

Jinks gazed at Betty in despair. "What are we going to do? This ground's getting cold."

Jinks and Betty

Betty threw the ropes down in glee. "Oh, I know. You ought to be in a box, just as the jumping-jack is."

"But my legs wouldn't be loose, then; they would be on the ground."

"We might hang the box up somewhere, mightn't we?"

"No, siree! I know!" Jinks gathered up his dangling ropes. "You remember that old broken chute in the barn that starts down from the second floor. It's so short that if I get into it my arms and shoulders will be out one end and my legs will hang out the other, and if I fall through it won't hurt, because there's nice soft hay underneath."

But alas for Jinks' "If I fall through!" He stepped carefully into the chute, worked himself down until his arms were even with the floor and his legs dangling free from the roof of the first floor beneath — and found himself stuck fast. He had slid himself down so far that he could not rest his elbows on the floor and so raise himself that way, and Betty, although she exerted every bit of her strength, could not pull him out.

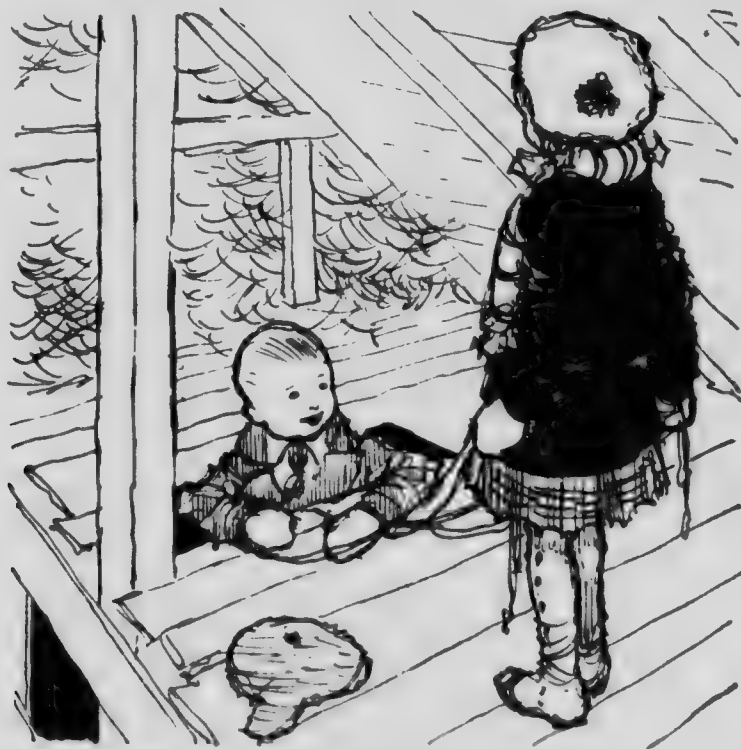
They looked at each other in dismay.

"What are we to do, Jinks?" Betty was almost

Chapter Four

crying. It was terrifying to see Jinks half protruding from the floor and apparently fixed there until the barn was torn down.

Jinks did not like the situation any too well



They looked at each other in dismay.

himself, but he was determined not to show it. "Now, see here, Betty Ramsey, don't you go crying around. There's grandma calling for dinner; you

Jinks and Betty

go in and eat your dinner, and then you get me some without being seen. We can't get these ropes off my legs, and if grandpa sees them he'll guess about his Christmas present."

"But what'll I tell them? They'll want to know where you are."

"Can't you say it's a secret? Then, while you're gone, I'll see if I can whittle some of this wood away. And you give me that box over there to put over my head if they should come up here looking for me."

Betty went away slowly. She did not enjoy the prospect of meeting her grandparents' questions. She was quite right. It was not a pleasant hour she spent. Her grandmother could not imagine where Jinks was, and after grandpa had made a round of all the farm buildings — Jinks had put the box over his head when he heard footsteps — grandmother declared all the business of the farm must stop until he was found. Since he was not in one of the buildings, he must be outdoors, and he would be sure to catch his death of cold if he stayed out on a day like this without his dinner.

All the farm hands were called in and given

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directions to scour the country; Betty was sent to her room in disgrace because she would not tell where Jinks was; and a sudden stillness descended upon the house as everybody started off on the search for the truant.

Betty felt very miserable, and she didn't know what to do. She really thought she ought to tell, but still it did not seem right to do so without first asking Jinks' permission.

As soon as it seemed safe, she tiptoed down to the kitchen, and before Martha, the cook, who had gone to the woodshed, returned, she had grabbed a piece of pumpkin pie, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and a glass of preserves. She wanted to get a piece of the pork they had had for dinner, but she saw Martha coming up the path and did not dare wait. She slipped out the door and was around the house and into the barn before anyone saw her.

"My, you were a long time, Betty! Didn't you suppose I was hungry, too?"

"Oh, Jinks, you're not out yet!" Betty wailed, "and I've got to go right back, because I'm shut up in my room for the rest of the afternoon. Jinks, won't you please let me tell?"

Jinks and Betty

"No, I won't." Confinement was wearing on Jinks' good-nature. "I've been cutting away here for the last two hours, and perhaps I'll get out soon."

Betty moved away with dragging footsteps. "I'll have to stay in my room all afternoon," she repeated.

"Well, I guess it'll be just as hard for me here in this old barn, and every time anyone comes in downstairs I have to double my legs up and hold them perfectly still until they just ache."

Betty felt very forlorn. This wasn't at all a nice day to belong in a Christmas vacation. "I believe grandpa would rather not have strings to his jumping-jack," she said under her breath, as she went disconsolately down the ladder and then hurried back to her room.

The afternoon dragged slowly for Betty. She played with her doll a while, and cried a while, and then went to sleep. When she woke up it was already dark, and she could hear the sound of voices out toward the barn. She jumped up from the bed and ran down-stairs. It was grandpa and two of his men leading in a very tired and dusty-looking Jinks.

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"We found him," shouted grandpa. "He nearly landed on our heads." Grandma took Jinks and seated him at the table while she hurried around fixing him up a hot dinner.

"I gave him some pie and some preserves and some bread," said Betty.

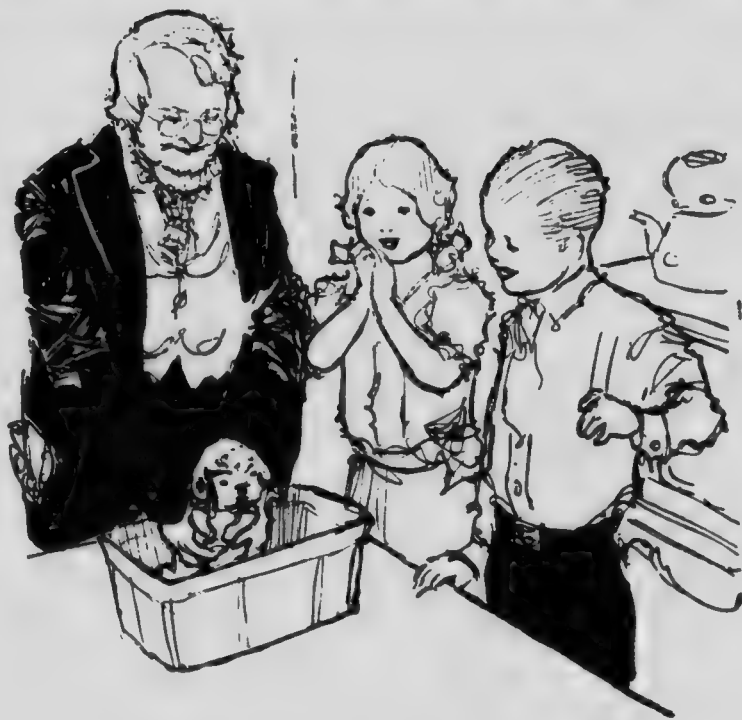
"But I guess I'm hungry, anyway," Jinks retorted. "That isn't very much to eat when you've been stuck in a hole in an old cold barn all afternoon."

Grandpa untied the ropes from his legs, and Jinks and Betty had to explain all about the jumping-jack. Then Methusalem-the-Second was produced, and grandpa was very grateful, and said he didn't care about strings anyway, and that he'd like to put them on himself. He couldn't even wait until Christmas. That very night he fixed up the strings so that Methusalem-the-Second's legs and arms danced around with the greatest hilarity. And as grandpa did it, it did not seem a bit hard! The legs danced away at the very first pull of the strings.

But that was not all! After Jinks and Betty had given grandpa the jumping-jack, he looked at grandma, who nodded back at him, and went out-

Jinks and Betty

doors. In ten minutes he came back again, and in his arms was the roly-poliest puppy that ever was born. He was so fat he could hardly stand, although the size of his feet was far out of pro-



There was the roly-poliest puppy ever born.

portion to his stubby body, and the thick skin on his back was so loose that it looked exactly like huge tucks. Grandpa said he was to live at Betty's house, but that he was for both Betty and Jinks,

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and also as a companion for Mike, who he had heard was getting lonesome. He said they must think up a name for the new puppy and christen him right away.

Grandpa explained, too, that he was not supposed to have arrived until Christmas, but that he was so delighted with his jumping-jack that he couldn't resist producing him.

CHAPTER 5

The Baptism of Robin Hood

When Jinks and Betty woke up Saturday morning the sun was shining on a snow-covered world. It was just the kind of a day for their expedition to Jinks' Aunt Martha's, who lived a couple of miles down the road. They could hardly wait to finish their breakfasts in their hurry to be out.

Jinks drew their soap-box sled out of the woodshed and Betty brought over the old comforter that always made the box warm and cozy. Toddlng along at her heels came the puppy grandpa had given them at Christmas-time. His official name was Robin Hood, but he hadn't been properly christened yet. Betty had teased to have him go with them on their expedition, but Mother had said no he would be a nuisance to Aunt Martha, and must stay at home. Only Mike could go. But Robin Hood evidently meant to see them go, at least.

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They were about to start when Jinks remembered the barrel of apples in the cellar, and he and Betty ran back to pick out half a dozen nice, rosy ones. When they came back Robin Hood was nowhere to be seen, but they supposed he had



Mike began to pull at the comforter.

gone back to the warm house, and they did not, of course, pay any attention to the knowing look in Mike's eyes.

They had gone about a mile when Mike began to pull at the comforter until it dragged along the road.

Jinks and Betty

"Mike Patterson, you stop that!" called Betty, and then she stopped short. "Jinks, look here!"

Jinks looked, and there in the box lay the puppy, blinking his eyes.

"Jinks, mother will be angry. How do you suppose he got in there?" Jinks shook his head, but Mike reached in the box and carefully drew Robin Hood out by the skin of his neck.

"There, see him!" cried Jinks excitedly. "Mike put that puppy in there himself."

Mike had the puppy out on the ground by this time and was racing madly around him while the puppy made frantic efforts to catch him.

"Jinks, hadn't we better turn around and take him right home?"

Jinks thought a moment. "No; now that he's here I don't believe your mother would want us to bring him 'way back again. She'll know it wasn't our fault."

"It's Mike that will have to be spanked this time," said Betty, clapping her hands.

Jinks threw a handful of soft snow at the puppy, picked up the rope again, and they started off, with the puppy trailing along with Mike.

"Betty," Jinks said suddenly in a stage whisper,

Chapter Five

"do you know, the puppy has never been christened or baptized?"

"And we could do it to-day, couldn't we?" Betty immediately chimed in, delighted at the prospect of being a part of such a novel scheme.

Jinks had a most important air. "You remember when father was telling us about the people who were baptized in the river in the winter? They had to break the ice to put them in!"

Betty was somewhat awed by the magnitude of this scheme. "We're right by the river, aren't we?" she asked.

Jinks picked the puppy up in his arms. "Come on, Betty, let's do it now."

The puppy, or Robin Hood, as he was soon to be, was quite willing to be picked up, because his feet were cold. But, poor puppy, he had no idea of what was in store for him.

Mike, much interested, trotted along beside, and Betty, somewhat fearful, dragged the sled.

"Jinks," she called, "I'm afraid it will make the puppy sick."

"Why, of course it won't, Betty. Weren't all those people put into the water when there was ice on it? And none of them was sick."

Jinks and Betty

When they got to the edge of the river, Jinks halted.

"You take the puppy, Betty, while I find something to break the ice with."

Betty cuddled the fat puppy up in her arms



"Oh, Jinks, don't do it again!"

and kissed him, while Jinks, with great difficulty, broke a hole in the ice.

"I'm awfully sorry, Robin Hood, but you really ought to be baptized, you know."

Jinks took the puppy by the neck and lowered him into the ice-cold water.

"Puppy, your name is now Robin Hood," he said solemnly.

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Robin E. howled as Jinks lowered him again, and Mike growled in sympathy.

"Oh, Jinks, don't do it again. He's so cold," cried Betty.

"No" — Jinks shook his head — "he won't be properly christened unless he's put in three times."

But in her anxiety for the puppy, Betty jiggled Jinks' arm, and poor Robin Hood fell into the water with a splash and disappeared from view under the ice. Jinks felt frantically around in the water for the fat little body, but his fingers touched only the icy water. Mike yelped and jumped up and down, excitedly, and the tears gathered in Betty's eyes.

Jinks stood up. "Oh, Betty, isn't it dreadful? We must get him."

"Poor Robin Hood," Betty cried.

Jinks took her hand. "Come on! Let's run back to the road. Perhaps we'll find a man to come back and chop the ice."

Breathless, they raced across the field and up the road. But there was no one in sight, and although Jinks explored every little bypath and branching road, the whole world seemed deserted.

Jinks and Betty

Betty cried all the way, and Jinks had to swallow hard at every step, until at last Betty's home loomed up before them. They raced into the house, and back to the kitchen to Mrs. Ramsey.

"Mother, mother," Betty cried. "We baptized Robin Hood, and he dropped into the water, and now he's drowning. You must come and get him out."

Betty burst into sobs, and even Jinks couldn't keep the tears back.

Mrs. Ramsey hurried away for her coat. "Poor Robin Hood! It's too late, but I'll go anyway." She followed the children up the road, while, between sobs, they told her all about the baptism.

They had gone back half the distance when they saw two little specks far off down the road. As they drew closer, Jinks was sure one of the objects was Mike. They went another sixty yards and then Jinks shouted:

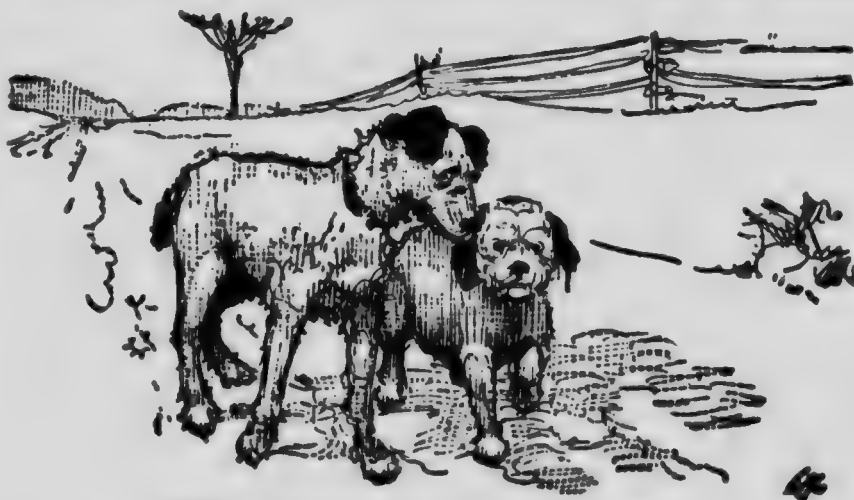
"It's Robin Hood! It's Robin Hood! I know it is. Mike has rescued him!"

They raced ahead, and, sure enough, there were Mike and Robin Hood trotting sedately along, side by side. Mike's shoulders and head were all wet, and Robin Hood was covered with little icicles.

Chapter Five

He looked very, very cross. He refused to pay any attention to Jinks and Betty, and ran straight to Mrs. Ramsey. She picked him up and wrapped him in her coat.

"You have been very cruel to the doggie, Jinks and Betty, and I don't blame him at all for being



Robin Hood looked very, very cross.

cross with you. Let's hurry home now and give him a hot bath and some hot milk, and wrap him up in blankets. Perhaps then he won't be sick."

Jinks and Betty walked home very soberly, and when Robin Hood had been made comfortable and had finally gone to sleep, Betty took her mother's hand.

Jinks and Betty

“Mother, we ought to be punished for being so naughty to Robin Hood!”

Mrs. Ramsey put an arm around each child. “After this, you must consider how you would like to be treated before you do anything to Mike or Robin Hood. I think you’ve been punished enough already. There is just one thing you must do, and that is make Robin Hood like you again. He’s very cross with you now. For the next three days you must think first of Robin Hood in everything. You must see that he gets his hot milk every hour, and that he does not get uncovered, and that the room is kept hot enough for him. Whenever he needs anything, no matter what you are doing, you’ll have to give it up for him.”

Jinks and Betty looked at each other and both heaved a big sigh. That was easy! They were only too glad to have the chance to be nice to Robin Hood.

CHAPTER 6

Jinks Organizes an Adventure

It all happened because Betty's father had bought her a Camp-Fire Girl's suit as the nicest kind of a valentine, and she and Jinks simply had to celebrate fittingly. They had raced from the drug-store, where they had gone for a penny's worth of fruit drops, to almost the other end of town, and there they found the gypsies—a whole tribe of them.

Their tents were all down, their fires out, and the horses harnessed to their four big canvas-covered wagons. They were off for the big world beyond the valley. Suddenly, Jinks grabbed Betty's arm.

"Betty, I know what would be fun. You're a little Camp-Fire Girl now, so that you're very brave. Let's pretend that the gypsies steal you, and I'll come and rescue you."

"Oh, Jinks!" Betty exclaimed, shrinking a

Jinks and Betty

little from such a severe test of her praised courage.

"Go on, Betty!" Jinks gave her a little push. "You run and jump into that last wagon and hide under the old quilts there. Watch out, now, so that no one sees you."

Betty ran, and, jumping up on the step, was in the wagon and snuggled down under the quilts in no time. One of the gypsies, who was walking at one side of the wagon, turned away to attend to his unruly horse, just in time.

As soon as Betty was well hidden, Jinks turned around and ran back home, Mike flying along behind him. Once home, he hurried up into his own room and dragged out all his war trappings, air-gun, wooden sword, feather headdress, and the big spiked bulldog's collar that he had found one day and that was now Mike's special property on all such occasions as these.

He dragged everything down to the woodshed, calling to Mike and Robin Hood as he went, and there he fitted them out, Mike with his spiked collar, and Robin Hood with some very warlike feathers, one set behind one ear and the other sticking up from his tail.



" Watch out, now, so that no one sees you."

Jinks and Betty

Some way or other it all took an awful long time, and Jinks, after stuffing his pockets with bread and some nuts and apples he found in the cellar, hurried off, a little bit anxious about losing the trail.

In the meantime, what had happened to Betty? For nearly an hour she lay under the blankets, and then, her legs beginning to cramp, she stirred around and poked her head out from the back. But she drew it in again quickly. A huge, swarthy-faced gypsy, who looked as if he would not at all approve of little girls, was walking within a couple of feet of her. She began to be a little afraid. She took a tiny look at the man again. He had big black eyebrows and very small black ferrety eyes. It was dreadful of Jinks to be so long. She might be able to get down off the wagon and run away without being seen, but it would be just as frightening to be off alone in that bleak country, and she did not know the way home. She wondered, miserably, if perhaps the gypsies wouldn't find her until it was dark. She shivered. That was too fearful a thought. She slipped one foot out of the blanket and then another. Then she stood up.

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"Please, Mr. Gypsy, won't you take me home?"

The gypsy stared astonished into what he supposed was an empty wagon.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in a tone that wasn't at all the growl Betty had expected, "where did you come from?"

He talked quite like real folks, Betty decided.

"You stole me, and Jinks was going to rescue me, and he hasn't come yet," and Betty ended in a low wail.

"We stole you?" he asked, puzzled.

"We were just pretending," sobbed Betty.

"And I suppose your folks'll be after us, hot-foot, for you, saying we took you."

He strode to a group of his fellow gypsies walking beside one of the front wagons. Betty could see them talking earnestly together. Then, finally, all the wagons stopped, and several of the women and children came back and peered in at Betty, who was shivering with fright.

At last, the wagons started on again, but not back toward Betty's home, as she had hoped. Betty was crying now — the tears wouldn't stay hidden any longer — and she wondered if everybody would think she was dead, and how big she

Jinks and Betty

would be before ever she saw her dear mother again.

Finally, the wagons turned off the main road, stopped again, and the gypsy to whom Betty had spoken told her gruffly to jump down. He handed her a huge broken piece of bread and some meat, and pointed out the main road to her. "Now, you go along that road, little girl, until you come to those houses. Ask somebody to let your mother know where you are. And mind you tell the truth." With that he cluck-clucked to his horses, and the caravan started off.

All this time Jinks and Mike and Robin Hood had been trudging on, getting more tired and more tired with every step. Robin Hood had insisted twice already on being carried. He had sat stolidly down in the middle of the road, and refused to move another inch; so, of course, there was nothing to do but pick him up. Jinks' gun and sword were heavy, also, and then, too, he had another burden. He had been eating his bread and cracking some of his walnuts, when he heard Mike bark. Jinks turned quickly and there was a little squirrel, very lean and hungry-looking, scampering along the side of the road. Every time

Chapter Six

Jinks cracked a nut, the squirrel stopped and looked wistful. Jinks caught Mike's collar just in time. Robin Hood, too weary to be more than mildly interested, had already sat down.

"Mike Patterson, you sit right there beside



Jinks and Mike and Robin Hood trudged on.

Robin Hood, and don't you dare move!" cried Jinks.

Then he walked on slowly, cracked a nut, and held it out to the squirrel. Little Miss Squirrel stopped and watched hesitatingly. Jinks came

Jinks and Betty

closer, and held out the nut to her. She snatched it and ran off to eat it. But soon she was back again and braver this time. After three or four trips, she even allowed herself to be picked up. Jinks emptied one of his coat pockets of everything but the nuts and put Miss Squirrel in there to eat to her heart's content. Then he started on, walking very carefully so as not to frighten her.

He could easily follow the gypsies' trail because of the large ruts made by their heavy wagons, but he began to be afraid for Betty. They might really steal her. He walked faster and faster, almost running finally, but still the low flat ruts went on in endless parallel lines.

The gypsies had a couple of hours' start of him, but, in time, he came to where the ruts turned off from the main road. He turned, too, and went on unhesitatingly. Betty might be in danger that wasn't "just pretend" now, and he had to rescue her as soon as possible.

His feet hurt him, his arms ached from carrying Robin Hood, and he felt damp and cold. He set Robin Hood down gingerly, fearful of disturbing the squirrel, who had snuggled down contentedly in his warm pocket. "Now, Robin Hood Ramsey,

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I don't carry you another step. You're a lazy dog, and I'm sure that I'm just exactly as tired as you are."

It was nearly dark when he finally came upon the gypsy camp. They had already built their fires, some of the tents were up, and the horses, free of their harness, were eating their oats. The four wagons were there, but in which one Betty was concealed Jinks could not decide. He tied a rope to both Mike and Robin Hood, so that they could not wander out into the open and disclose his whereabouts, and then he hid himself in some bushes to wait for dark to come.

The light gradually faded and the dancing red beams from the fires grew brighter, but still not fast enough to keep pace with the growing stiffness and cold in Jinks' legs. He had hard work, too, keeping the dogs still. Mike had barked once, and Robin Hood had howled twice.

At last he decided that it was safe to reconnoiter, at least. One wagon, which was more or less deserted, he explored without difficulty. There was no Betty in it. Then, into the dark depths of two of the others he finally managed to peer long enough to make sure they, too, were

Jinks and Betty

untenanted. But, the fourth was constantly surrounded, so that there was not the slightest chance to get near it.

He decided that Betty must be in that, and that he would have to fight to get to her. He went back to the bushes, untied Mike and Robin Hood, took his pop-gun in one hand and his sword in the other, and was just ready to make a wild dash when he heard a horse's fast galloping hoofs and saw a buggy come tearing into the camp. There were two men in it, and, although Jinks rubbed his eyes in amazement, he recognized one of them as his father. Mike jumped away from him with a glad bark, and a second later he, too, tumbled out of his hiding-place and ran to his father. Betty would be surely rescued now, he thought, thankfully, and there would be no danger of anyone's getting hurt. He and Mike were old enough to take care of themselves, but Robin Hood was too young to have had any experience in fighting yet.

Jinks' father caught him in his arms. "Jinks, laddie, then you are here! Are you sure you're all right?"

Jinks snuggled close to his father. "Yes, but,

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father, quick, you must get Betty! She's in that dark wagon there!"

Mr. Patterson lifted the boy up and put him in the buggy.

"Betty's safe at home, and has been for two hours. Come, we'll put you all in the buggy. Mike and Robin Hood are mighty tired, too, I imagine."

The other man, whom Jinks recognized as the town marshal, scrambled in quickly, and they turned back toward home. On the way Jinks' father told him how worried they had been, and how some one had telephoned from Wayville that Betty was there, and that when Betty explained Jinks was going to rescue her, they had come after the gypsies at once. And then Jinks' father told him it had not been at all considerate of him to put Betty in so much danger.

Jinks felt ashamed of himself, because, although he hadn't thought about it in just that way before, he knew his father was right.

"Father," he said finally, very much embarrassed, "I got a squirrel to-day. She's very tame. I'm going to give her to Betty. Don't you think she would like to have her?"

Jinks and Betty

Father said "Yes," and then he wrapped Jinks up securely in his warm coat, and when they got home Jinks and Mike and Robin Hood, and even the squirrel, were all sound asleep.

CHAPTER 7

Jinks' New Suit

Robin Hood had a new sweater. It was a very gorgeous green-and-white striped one that Betty's grandmother had crocheted. It had arrived that morning, all done up in tissue-paper and tied with green ribbons, and addressed to "Robin Hood Ramsey, care of Miss Betty Ramsey." Betty called Jinks to show it to him, and then they hunted up Robin Hood immediately. Robin Hood was in the woodshed; and although he was quite willing to be put into this surprising new garment, Jinks had first to run and get the scrubbing-brush to dust him off — Betty did not want the new sweater soiled.

They squeezed him into it; and although it was a trifle tight for him, he looked very spick and span. The green was most becoming to his brown eyes.

Mike came running in and gazed at him in

Jinks and Betty

astonishment for a moment. Then, before Jinks could prevent him, he rolled Robin Hood over, right in all the dust and shavings. The indignant Robin Hood was too bundled up to protest very effectively, but Jinks spanked Mike gently for him.

Betty looked thoughtfully at Mike. "Jinks, it's a shame Mike hasn't a sweater. He'll be jealous. You've got your new Boy-Scout suit, and Robin Hood has his new suit. He's the only one left out."

Jinks measured Mike with his eye. "Father's sweater might fit him."

"Jinks, Mike would look awfully well in black. Let's try your black suit on him. It would look fine."

"But I have to wear it this afternoon, Betty, to that party."

"But we'll only put it on him for a few minutes, just to see how funny he looks. He won't hurt it."

"I bet it will just fit." Jinks' momentary anxiety over the fate of his best black suit was already gone. "You keep Mike here while I see if I can get it."

Chapter Seven

"Bring some big safety-pins," Betty called after him.

In five minutes he was back, carrying the suit carefully hidden in the bundle of newspapers in his arms.



"What shall we do with them now?" asked Betty.

The trousers fitted Mike beautifully, except just in the back, where his short stubby tail stood up straight, and the coat, although a little large, looked very well when pinned over with the

Jinks and Betty

safety-pins. Jinks tried to tie his tail down to make the trousers fit better, but Mike soon wriggled it into evidence again. Then Betty found an old red woolen hood of hers, which she tied under Mike's chin, and he was finished. Mike had stood very still during the dressing process, and now he moved around sedately just as if he knew he was very much dressed up.

"What shall we do with them now?" asked Betty, straightening one of Robin Hood's stripes.

"Let's take them for a walk." Jinks looked out of the door cautiously. "Let's get out now, while mother isn't looking. She might think he'd hurt the suit."

The four slipped out of the shed without being seen, Mike and Robin Hood walking gravely along, side by side, and were soon on the village street. The dogs were very well-behaved, except that Mike seemed very much concerned over the disappearance of his tail, and Robin Hood acted as if his sweater prickled him.

They had gone only a couple of blocks from home, however, when in the distance, racing toward them, Jinks espied Bangs, the blacksmith's dog, who had a reputation for killing more

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chickens and being in more fights than any three dogs in town.

"Bangs!" Jinks exclaimed in horror. "He and Mike always fight."

Betty took hold of Mike's bonnet-strings, and tried to draw him toward home, but Mike was not accustomed to moving his legs, hampered as they now were, and he refused to progress at any faster gait than was comfortable for him.

"Bangs is coming closer and closer," Betty panted. "What shall we do?"

Jinks watched Bangs' flying legs. "We can't get away now. Perhaps we can undress Mike."

Betty pulled off his bonnet and Jinks tried to get the coat off, but the safety-pins were too firmly pinned, and before even one of them was undone Bangs had arrived.

"Oh!" Betty screamed. "Robin Hood!"

Robin Hood, in his green stripes, was of much more interest to Bangs than Mike, and he immediately tried to investigate this new and strange kind of dog by taking a bite from him. Betty danced around the surprised Robin Hood in despair. "Jinks! Jinks! Robin Hood's so little, Bangs'll kill him!"

Jinks and Betty

But Mike had other plans for Robin Hood than an untimely death. He struggled loose from Jinks' hands, and, still clad in Jinks' black suit, made a leap for Bangs. Bangs let go his mouthful of sweater and skin which he had been trying to shake loose from Robin Hood's back, and turned to defend himself.

The color left Jinks' ruddy cheeks. What would father say? "Betty," he cried, "they won't either of them stop until they're tired."

"Can't we pull them apart?" questioned Betty hopefully.

"Bangs would eat us up if we tried it. What do you suppose father'll say? That suit was to last me all year, for good."

"Perhaps Mike'll be careful of it." But, even as Betty spoke, there was a prolonged rending, and Bangs had the front of Jinks' coat down on the ground.

Betty put her hands over her ears. "Oh, dear, what will your father do?"

Jinks had no time for words. He rushed to a puddle at the side of the street, and, filling his hat with water, rushed back to pour it on the dogs. But it had no effect whatever. Piece by piece,

Chapter Seven

Bangs was getting the suit off Mike. It was not until Jinks thought to catch hold of Bangs' tail and twist it that he let go and backed away. Then Betty and Jinks both grabbed Mike and ran off



"Can't we pull them apart?" cried Betty.

down the street, with Robin Hood, keeping up with difficulty, puffing along behind. When they had turned the corner, Jinks stopped.

"You hold the dogs, Betty, and I'll go back after my suit."

Jinks and Betty

As they walked home, Betty proposed that they take the suit into the woodshed and get some needles and thread. "Perhaps we can sew it up, so the tears won't show," she said encouragingly.

They sewed for an hour, and finally got all the pieces attached, although Betty viewed the suit disdainfully. "You know, you don't sew at all nice," she complained, examining Jinks' long, uneven stitches.

Jinks went in to luncheon with a sinking heart, and when his mother offered to help him dress for the party later, he answered quickly: "I think I can get along all right alone, mother."

But discovery had to come, and his mother's cry of astonishment greeted him as he came downstairs. "Well, you see, mother, Mike had it on, and he got into a fight with Bangs. But Betty and I sewed it up a good deal."

Naturally, mother had many things to say, but she finally sent him off, just as he was, with a warning to remember that he would have to tell father about it that night.

With Betty beside him, Jinks started most unwillingly down the street. It was bad enough to have to face his mother in his tattered clothes,

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but a whole roomful of ridiculing boys and girls was worse. And when, deprived of their coats, they walked side by side into the living-room, the remarks that greeted them were as uncomfortable as he had expected. Jinks took possession of the most inconspicuous chair and answered as shortly



A whole roomful of ridiculing boys and girls.

as was polite in a party atmosphere all the questions as to his tattered suit.

Then, suddenly, an idea struck him. "Say, you fellows," he remarked casually to the group around him, "I bet you can't imagine how funny Robin Hood looks in his new sweater. It's all

Jinks and Betty

green-and-white striped. And some of the stripes run around and some up and down. And it's the only dog sweater in town." He paused for breath. "If you want to know how to make your dog a sweater, you'll have to come and look at Robin Hood's."

"We'll go round home with you to-night," was the unanimous answer.

"No," Jinks remarked with a grandiloquent air. "It'll cost you a penny a look, and he won't be on exhibition until to-morrow afternoon."

Then he grabbed Betty excitedly and whispered into her ear: "And, perhaps we can find some other things to exhibit, and we'll charge 'em a nickel, and that'll help pay for my suit."

CHAPTER 8

Jinks' and Betty's Fat-Stock Show

Jinks and Betty had been so pleased with the success of their last venture, a show where Robin Hood in his green sweater had been exhibited as the chief feature, that, for a week now, they had been conjuring their brains for a similar attraction.

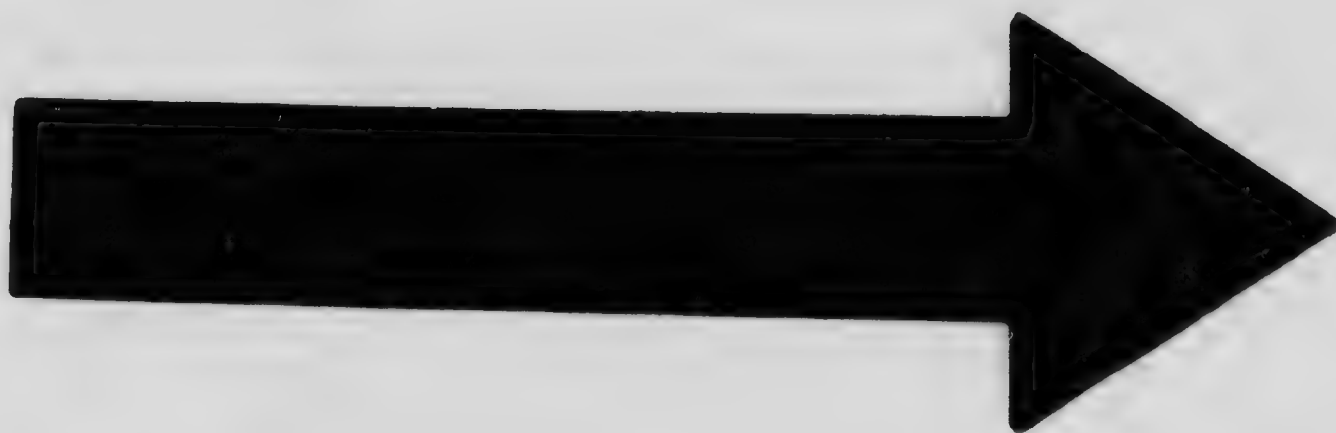
"We might have a circus," offered Jinks, digging his toes into the soft spring ground at the side of the walk.

"But I can't do anything but turn a somersault," objected Betty.

"There's those rabbits father bought us last week. Perhaps we could do something with them."

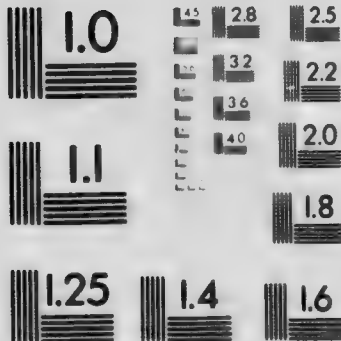
Betty was lost in thought. "Jinks, you know when we went to the County Fair last year, they had a Fat-Stock Show."

"Yes, but we haven't any pig," objected Jinks.



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Jinks and Betty

Betty pointed to the woodshed. "But we've dogs, and rabbits, and a squirrel, and perhaps we could find some others."

Jinks turned a handspring, as he suddenly saw the possibilities. "And we could feed them up. Let's begin right away. We'll get stuff that will fatten them quickest." Jinks was already planning.

"I suppose it'll take a good many days. I wish we could have it this afternoon."

"Oh, we wouldn't be ready," Jinks declared solemnly. "We've got to fix the animals up, and print circulars to let the children know about the show, and build a lot of pens to show them off in."

He jumped the fence as he spoke. "There goes that old sick cat. I'll catch him for the Fat-Stock Show, too."

Betty ran off to see how much milk she could manage to get daily from her mother, and Jinks proceeded to investigate the supply of cabbages and apples and carrots stored away in his mother's cellar.

They gathered all the animals together in the woodshed, including Mike, Robin Hood, and the

Chapter Eight

cat, and tied them down to stakes in the floor, so that they couldn't exercise enough to wear off their fat. Mike and Robin Hood had to have a rope on each foot to subdue them sufficiently — they did not take at all kindly to this curtailment of their liberty. In fact, they didn't understand it at all.

The first meal was quite a success. The cat, whom they immediately named "Fatty," in the hope that her name would inspire her to greater efforts, ate up two large bowlfuls of milk before she went to sleep beside her stake. Robin Hood, although he first smelled suspiciously at the milk which was presented to him at such an unusual time in the morning, drank it all up; and even Mike, although he had long ago graduated from milk, disposed of a generous half bowlful with good grace.

The third morning, however, Jinks and Betty began to be a little discouraged. They had just come in from leading the animals around the barn for their morning exercise. Jinks touched Robin Hood's sides. "You can see how much fatter he is now, Betty, but he won't keep it if he doesn't eat more." Robin Hood had not been so tractable

Jinks and Betty

since Betty had had the idea of putting raw eggs into all his milk.

"I'll tell you what we'd better do with Mike, Betty," said Jinks. "Mother won't give me any



Mike struggled and choked.

more meat, so we'll have to make him drink more milk. I'll hold him, while you get that kerosene funnel of your mother's, and we'll pour it through that."

When Betty came back with the funnel, Jinks

Chapter Eight

held Mike's head while Betty inserted the funnel in his mouth and poured down two cupfuls of milk. Mike struggled and choked, but the greater part finally went down, much to Betty's satisfaction.

In the intervals between their labors as food-servers, Jinks built an inclosure back of the barn like the one they had seen at the Fair. He had an aisle down the center, and on each side were the stalls, one for each of the animals entered. Betty had proposed that they enter themselves, too, but they had finally decided that it would be too short a time in which to fatten up sufficiently. While Jinks built the stalls, Betty busied herself printing posters in big black letters.

She had to write the first one over and over before she finally decided on this one:

A FAT-STOCK SHOW
WILL BE GIVEN ON NEXT
SATURDAY AFTERNOON
BY JINKS PATTERSON
AND BETTY RAMSEY
BACK OF THE BARN
ONE CENT CHARGED

Jinks and Betty

Finally, the morning of the eventful Saturday arrived. Jinks and Betty got up early to be sure everything was ready, and that the animals were in fit condition. But when they surveyed the woodshed it was easy to see that they were both distinctly worried.

Betty patted Robin Hood. He was lying on his back with his legs in the air. "Jinks, do you suppose he's all right? I never saw Robin Hood sleep like this before."

"Of course! He's just too fat; that's all's the matter with him."

Mike, too, had a woe-begone expression, and made no attempt to kiss Betty's hand. The squirrel and the cat were the only inmates that seemed to be cheerful enough to enjoy living.

Jinks picked up one of the rabbits and looked it over critically. "You know, I think they've all got the stomach-ache."

That worried Betty. "Perhaps we'd better give them some castor oil."

So the castor-oil bottle was brought, but in vain. Not one of them would touch a drop of it. Robin Hood, who had been awakened, rolled over in disgust.

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Betty almost wanted to cry. "Jinks, I don't think they're a bit well, and the rabbits look as if they were going to die."

Jinks felt somewhat worried himself. "Well, when I get a cold, mother always rubs my chest



"Jinks, I don't think they're a bit well."

with oil, so, perhaps if we rub their stomachs with this it would help." It took almost an hour to get all their stomachs oiled, and it used up the whole bottle, but both Jinks and Betty felt much relieved. Then another hour was spent in getting them into their ribbon harness and bows. When

Jinks and Betty

the audience began to arrive, however, they were all in their stalls, each sitting on his own little bed of straw.

A half-hour later, while the guests were still coming, Betty came running up to Jinks, who was busily taking in pennies.



The procession of wagons

"Jinks," she whispered tearfully, "the rabbits are all turning over."

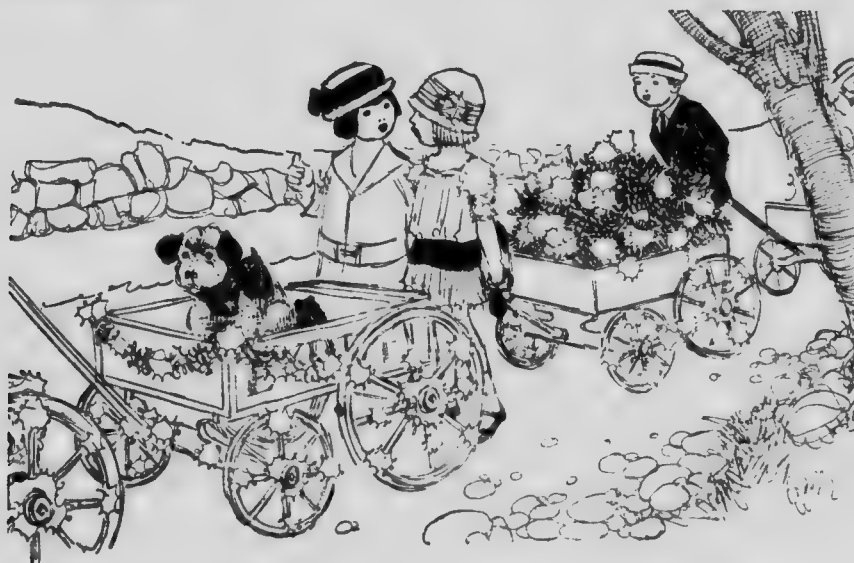
Jinks hurried back after her, and, true enough, there was every one of the rabbits lying over on his side.

"Are they dead?" sobbed Betty. Jinks picked

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one up, with his lips trembling. He wished, privately, that all the children wouldn't crowd about him so. He wanted to cry, too, or, if not to cry, at least to feel very bad, indeed.

"They aren't dead," he said, "but they are awful sick."



raced out of the yard.

"If we'd only rubbed in more castor-oil!" cried Betty.

"Robin Hood and Mike are all right, aren't they?" Jinks demanded.

"Yes," Betty said slowly, "but they don't look very well."

Jinks and Betty

And just then Robin Hood began to groan. Then he howled. Then he lay down on the ground and groaned again. Betty pulled Jinks' arm. "Jinks, I just couldn't stand anything happening to Robin Hood. Let's go and get the doctor right away."

Jinks, although he hadn't wanted to show it before, was quite as anxious as Betty. He picked up Robin Hood, who hung his head limply, grabbed the nearest wagon, which was all decorated with flowers for the parade that was to come later, and gently put poor suffering Robin Hood into it.

"Mike had better go, too," advised Betty. So, together, they picked up Mike and bundled him in another wagon. The other children helped and the rabbits were deposited hastily in a third wagon, on a soft bed of heaped-up flowers and leaves.

"Hurry up, Betty," said Jinks, anxiously. "Robin Hood looks pretty bad and we mustn't waste a minute."

The procession of wagons raced out of the yard. It was over a mile to the doctor's, and Betty was sure Robin Hood never would live to reach him.

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At the first crossroad, however, they saw a buggy approaching, and Jinks recognized the doctor's rig. "Hurry up, Doctor; hurry up!" he shouted. "Robin Hood's dying."

The doctor jumped out of his buggy and looked at the animals.

"What have you been doing to them?" he asked gravely.

"We wanted to make them fat for our Fat-Stock Show, and we fed them all the milk and cream and eggs we could, and we kept 'em chained up in the woodshed, and then we rubbed their stomachs with castor oil." Betty was in such a hurry for the doctor to know all about it that she stammered and stuttered.

"Can you save them?" Jinks asked.

"I think so," the doctor answered, and Betty gave a great sob of relief.

"You run along home and leave them with me. I'll fix them up with something right now, and then I'll take care of them for a couple of days." He lifted all the rabbits into the back of his buggy, helped Mike in beside him, and settled Robin Hood in his lap.

Then he looked at the children solemnly, and

Jinks and Betty

shook his head. "When I send the dogs back," he said, "I'll write out a diet for them, and you're never to give them one thing that isn't on that list. Remember that! I don't at all approve of these Fat-Stock Shows for cats and dogs and rabbits."

Jinks and Betty both nodded their heads obediently. They were glad Mike and Robin Hood and the Rabbit Family were going to be cured, but it was terrible to be without them for two whole days.

CHAPTER 9

The Tale of Five Tubs

Betty's father was out in the garden, industriously setting out beds of old-fashioned flowers, while mother and Betty and Billy and Billy's mother looked on. Billy, who was only a year old, was from Boston, and, with his mother, was visiting at Betty's house.

"I do wish I could make the wood ferns grow," said Betty's mother. "I'd get some from the woods and plant them all along the shady side of the house, and then no one in town would have a prettier yard. But, someway, I never have been able to keep them alive through the summer."

"Why can't you, mamma?" said Betty.

"I don't know, dearie. They just don't grow for mother. Katie says I ought to see the ones they have at home and I'd be encouraged to try again."

Betty pondered this, and when later in the

Jinks and Betty

afternoon her mother, and Billy's mother, and Jinks' mother went calling, leaving Billy in her charge, she went out to the kitchen to talk it over with Katie.

Sure, Katie said, with twinkle in her eye, she could tell just what would make mother's ferns grow. First, they must be gathered in the dark of the moon.

"What's the dark of the moon, Katie?" asked Betty.

"That's nighttime, darlin'," answered Katie. And, next, it was absolutely necessary to chant a charm over them. You took a big iron pot and put it over a wood fire, and into this you cast young buds of the sycamore tree, a quart of soft spring-water, a four-inch-piece of the bark of an old burr-tree, a tender young shoot of a rose-bush, a handful of wood ashes, one dandelion weed, one slate pencil, a bit of old leather, and one posy of any fresh, sweet flower; and when it was all stirred together, you recited a wonderful chant — which Katie repeated, slowly, and in a deep, singsong voice, to Betty's delight — and then you put out the fire and sprinkled the contents of the kettle over the ground where the ferns grew. This,

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Katie said, would endow them with the magic spirit of the woods, so that they would not die when transplanted into the garden of a human being.

"Sure, why wouldn't that make the stubbornest ferns grow?"

And Betty agreed with her. She slipped out of the kitchen and ran breathlessly over to the shed, where Jinks was chopping wood, to impart all this valuable information to him.

"Jinks, let's go this very afternoon," she exclaimed. "The garden ought to be started right away."

Jinks threw down his hatchet. "It'll be great fun. We'll take along that old iron pot that's in the shed."

"And mother's got some violets in the living-room. We'll use those for the flowers."

Betty stopped midway in her run toward home. "But what about Billy? I've got to take care of him this afternoon."

"Oh, that's easy," Jinks shouted back; "we'll take him along in his buggy, and that'll hold the iron pot, too."

In half an hour they were ready, but, just as

Jinks and Betty

they started out of the gate, Betty remembered her responsibilities. "You know," she declared solemnly, "if we are going to keep Billy out in the night air, he ought to be well wrapped up. I'll take the blankets off my bed, and off mother's, and you get yours off your bed." Mike and Robin Hood were left in charge of Billy until the blankets arrived. Then one was wrapped around Billy, and the other four were put under the pot for use when night arrived.

They pushed out of the gate and went off down the road toward the setting sun and the black, shadowed woods. They walked for over a mile before they came to the outskirts of the army of trees. Then they left the road to trail off by itself around the bend, and plunged into the underbrush. It was hard traveling with the buggy; but ferns were shy, and they could not hope to find them if they went along the regular path. Tripping over vines, and laboriously breaking branches to let the buggy through, they finally came to a space where two or three trees, cut some years before, had left a very small clearing. The overlocking branches, however, and an abrupt overshadowing hillock at one side, made it dark and

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damp, and all along the hillock's sides was an abundance of the little sprouting ferns.

Jinks pointed to them importantly. "There they are," he cried. "Just loads of them. Enough for the whole garden."



They marched slowly and solemnly around the fire.

The iron pot was unloaded, and while Betty built a fire with the sticks she and Mike and Robin Hood collected, Jinks fixed up four heavy sticks with some wire from his pocket to form a support from which the kettle could be hung. It

Jinks and Betty

was rapidly growing dark. Jinks lit the fire, which soon blazed up brightly; then, while all stood by and watched the solemn ceremony, Betty put in the ingredients one by one with the proper chant; first, the sycamore buds, to make the ferns vigorous and healthy; then bits of old leather to make them strong; then the bark of the old burr-oak to make them hardy; then the tender young shoot of the rose-bush, to give them grace; then the dandelion weed to grant them the power to withstand weeds; then the ashes and the slate pencil, to fit them for human society, and, finally, the violets, to make them sweet-tempered and cheerful. Over all Jinks poured the quart of soft spring water so they would be welded together.

Then, as darkness fell and only the red light of the fire lit up the scene, all five formed into a procession and marched solemnly and slowly around the fire, Jinks and Betty reciting the charm as they went. First came Jinks, then Robin Hood, then Billy in pursuit of Robin Hood's tail, then Betty, holding on to Billy's dress, so that he would not fall down, and, finally, Mike. The water simmered, the fire crackled, and, altogether, it was a befittingly impressive ceremony.

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When, finally, the water had half boiled away and the fire was almost out, so that only flickering shadows danced across the ground instead of the red fire gleams, Jinks took off the pot and he and Betty sprinkled the ground with the mixture. Then he dug up the ferns and packed them in the iron pot, while Betty wrapped Billy in his blankets. She had two around him when she stopped: "Jinks, you know, Billy just mustn't catch cold, and it's getting a little chilly. Perhaps the blankets won't be enough to keep him warm."

Jinks looked at her doubtfully. "But what else can we do?"

"When I'm cold in the night, mother always comes in and sleeps with me. Perhaps if I put Robin Hood in with him, Robin Hood 'll keep him warmer."

Jinks nodded sagely, "It might be better."

So Robin Hood was captured, and while Jinks held him tight against Billy, who was sitting up in the buggy, Betty wrapped five blankets around and around them. It was almost more than the buggy would hold, but they finally managed it. Robin Hood was cross and sulky over his new position, but Billy gurgled in delight.

Jinks and Betty

Then they started home, but the woods were pitch dark and, finally, Betty, who was ahead, while Jinks pushed Billy and Robin Hood in the buggy, turned around.

"Jinks," she whispered, "I don't know which way to go any more."

Jinks did not know either, but he tried to persuade himself he did, and said bravely, "I think it's over that way."

Betty turned obediently in the new direction, and silently the little procession moved on. But it was soon evident that this new direction was wrong also. At the first small clearing they came to, Jinks stopped. His arms were getting more tired. "Betty, I just can't wheel this buggy another inch. And we're lost!"

Betty's lips quivered. "Oh, Jinks!" She came close to him. "Do you think anything'll hurt us?"

"No; but we ought to get Billy home."

"Do you suppose we'll ever find our way home, Jinks?" She was determined not to cry, but she wanted to very much.

"Of course we will." Jinks wasn't so sure inside, but he wasn't going to let Betty know

Chapter Nine

that. "I'll tell you what. Billy and Robin Hood are so heavy, let's leave 'em here a minute, while you and Mike and I see if we can't find the road. Then we'll come back for them."

Betty nodded her head. The woods seemed sud-



Billy and Robin Hood in the buggy.

denly full of little whispering spirits, and she was afraid to speak.

They left Billy and Robin Hood in their buggy

Jinks and Betty

in the little clearing, both staring solemnly out into the darkness, and went back through the trees.

It was not five minutes later when they came upon the road. Jinks heaved a sigh of relief. He dropped Betty's cold little hand. "My, Betty! I was scared we weren't ever going to get home again. Now, we'll have to go back after Billy."

Betty did not say anything, but caught hold of his hand again. On a night like this, even the open road seemed a fearsome place.

They hurried back in apparently the same direction from which they had come, and walked and walked, but there was no sign of their charges. Side excursions in every possible direction met with no success. Jinks coaxed Mike to bark in the hope that Robin Hood would answer, but still no sound broke the air.

"Betty, you're afraid to stay alone in the woods, aren't you?"

Betty's voice quavered at the very thought of it. "Yes."

"Well, then, you'll have to go back home and get the folks, while I stay here. I'll take you back to the road."

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Betty looked off into the blackness of the road with a hopeless expression. "Jinks, I'll never get there," she cried.

"Yes, you will," he answered encouragingly. "Mike can go with you, and you can make him bark all the way."

Betty put her hand on Mike's head and started down the road with the tears trickling down her cheeks. It was dreadful to have to go off alone this way, and it was almost as bad to leave Jinks there in the trees.

But she had not gone far when a shout answered Mike's bark, and her father loomed up with a lantern. "Betty, Betty!" he said anxiously, "where are Billy and Jinks?"

"Off in the woods, father, and they're all alone," she wailed.

He took her hand and she led him back to the spot where she thought she had left Jinks. He was nowhere to be seen, but Mike's bark soon brought an answering call.

"I haven't found Billy yet," he said soberly, when they came up to him. "You see, Mr. Ramsey, we came out to get ferns, and then ——"

"We'd better hear the story later," Mr. Ramsey

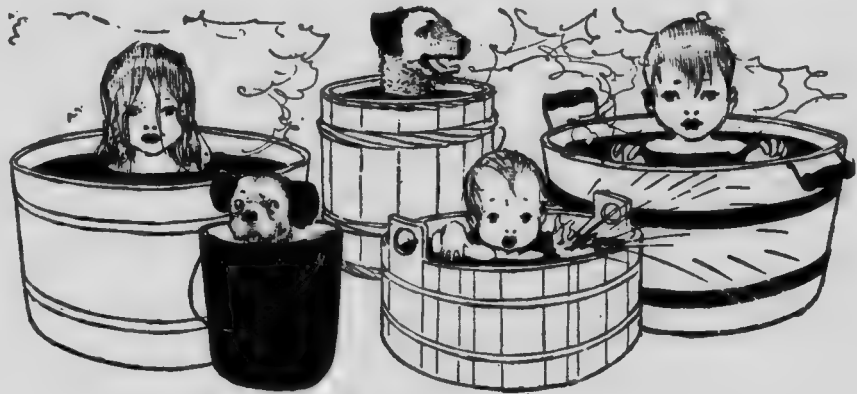
Jinks and Betty

interrupted, a little sternly. "We must find Billy now."

Just then Mike barked, and a very faint answering bark sounded off to the right. "That's Robin Hood!" Jinks shouted, and started off.

Sure enough, they had not gone far when they came upon the little clearing, with Billy and Robin Hood just as they had left them, looking very warm and tousled but otherwise quite contented.

Mr. Ramsey unwound them, and picked Billy



They all had to climb into tubs.

up. Then they all started home. On the way they met Jinks' father in his rig, and with him poor Billy's mother, who had been terribly frightened.

As soon as they got home, the doctor was called

Chapter Nine

to see that Billy would not come to harm because of the exposure, and much to Betty's and Jinks' discomfiture he prescribed a hot bath for the whole party of adventurers. So Jinks and Mike in one house, and Betty and Billy and Robin Hood in the other, all had to climb into tubs. There weren't enough to go around, so Robin Hood was fitted into a pail, and Mike into a small cask which was brought in from the woodshed. Betty hated baths on principle, and, as she sat steaming away disconsolately in her tub, she wondered at Robin Hood, who really seemed to enjoy the situation. But then, of course, Robin Hood wasn't looking forward to that interview with mother which was still awaiting Betty. How she wished he could always know just what things to do and what things not to do!

CHAPTER 10

The Desert Island

"Why, Betty Ramsey, what are you doing?" Jinks stopped at the woodshed door in amazement.

"I'm mad, and I'm letting Billy play with my bow and arrows."

"But where are the rest of his clothes?"

Betty pointed silently to a little pile in the corner. "I wanted to make him into an Indian, and he didn't look like one with all his clothes on."

Billy, who had learned to walk since his arrival at Betty's house, was standing up, holding on to the woodshed door. Around his fat little body was Betty's belt, from which hung a quiver full of arrows.

"I shot arrows into the parlor sofa," Betty explained, "and Mother said I couldn't play with my bow for a week. I didn't hurt the old sofa. I'm never going home again."

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Jinks' face brightened with a sudden idea. "Let's run away to a desert island. Then Billy'll be dressed just right."

Betty looked up with interest.

"We'll all wear just skins of animals when we get there," Jinks explained. "We'll get stuff to eat with our bow and arrow, and we can fish."

"And I'll gather eggs," Betty interjected.

Jinks went to the door and gazed around meditatively. "I know just how we ought to do everything, from Robinson Crusoe. We'll have to have some animals along."

"We can take the horse and one of the sheep," Betty suggested.

"Yes, and that tame pig of mine can come along."

Jinks drew out his express-wagon from the side of the wood-pile. "We'd better get right to work. We haven't much time. They'll be wanting Billy for his nap pretty soon."

Betty set Billy down in a pile of shavings and gave him an arrow to play with. "I know where there's a lemon pie, and I'll put on my rubber boots, and I'll bring some of my clothes." Without waiting, Betty ran off to the house.

Jinks and Betty

When she returned, Jinks was already half prepared for the journey. He had a rope tied to both the sheep and Peter, the pig, and had Robin Hood and Mike harnessed up to the express wagon.

"I think Billy and the rabbits had better ride in the express wagon, and you and I'll ride on the horse. We can lead Peter and the sheep."

"But how are we ever going to carry things?"

Jinks looked meditatively at Peter. "We might make them all carry packs the way pack-animals do."

"Oh, that would be fun!" Betty exclaimed. In the excitement she was forgetting all about how angry she was.

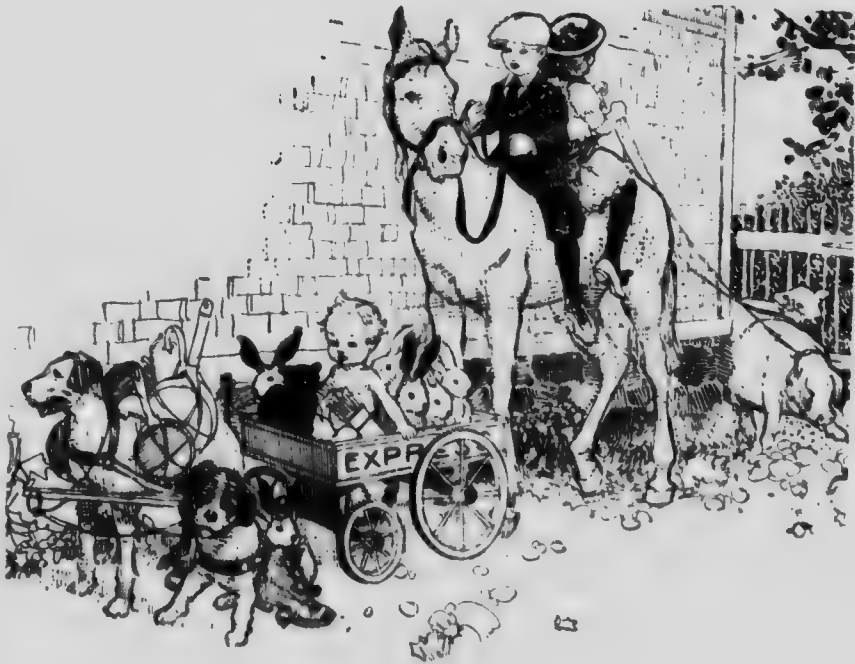
So Betty and Jinks both brought all the blankets they could smuggle out of the house, and Betty tied her clothes up in the two ends of one blanket and put it over Peter's back, and Jinks did the same with his clothes for the sheep's back. Then they tried to put Billy, and the rabbits, and the squirrel, and Fatty the cat, into the express wagon, but, crowd as they might, there were two too many.

"I tell you what; I think Robin Hood might

Chapter Ten

carry that rabbit and squirrel on his back," Jinks exclaimed.

Then Betty had an idea. "We could tie that old pair of shoes father threw out yesterday, over his back and put one in each shoe."



It was a strange procession.

Then all the pans and kettles they could gather up were tied to Mike's back, and they were ready to start on the journey. It was a hazardous pro-

Jinks and Betty

ceeding getting out of the barn, because of the size of their caravan, but they finally managed it without being seen. Jinks went out first and reconnoitered; and when the coast was clear, they started, sliding out of the door, and keeping close to the side of the barn until they reached the rear of it, when they struck off across the fields to the river. First came Robin Hood and Mike, drawing the wagon with Billy and the rabbits and Fatty in it; then Jinks and Betty on Harper, the horse, Jinks driving, and Betty with her back to him so that she could hold the two ropes that were attached to the sheep and Peter, the pig.

They had decided to cross the river, as they thought they were surer of finding their desert island there than on their own side. They went along without mishap until they had crossed the bridge and were on the other side, when Peter refused to go farther. He tugged and hauled at his rope until Betty had to let go of it for fear of losing her balance.

"Oh, Jinks," she cried in distress, "see what Peter is doing! He is going down into all that dreadful mud."

And, sure enough, that was what Peter was

Chapter Ten

doing. Utterly oblivious to everything but the delightful possibilities of all that nice, wet, rich mud, he marched straight into it, and rolled over right on top of Betty's blanket with all her clothes tied up in it.

"Oh, Jinks!" Betty wailed. "My best white dress is in there."

Jinks slid off Harper, but he was too late to save the pack from its muddy bath. Betty started to cry.

"Now, see here, Betty Ramsey," declared Jinks, who always felt uncomfortable when Betty cried, "you just stop. You're never going home again, so it doesn't matter about your white dress, and on our desert island we'll only wear skins anyway."

Betty dried her tears with difficulty. She couldn't bear to have anything happen to her white dress; whether she was going to wear it or not made no difference at all.

They found a little path along the edge of the river, and followed this in single file. But they had not gone far when Robin Hood sat down.

"Get up, lazybones!" Jinks called. But Robin Hood was tired, and he was not going to draw

Jinks and Betty

that wagon another inch. There was nothing to do but unhitch him and let Mike do the pulling alone, but Robin Hood was not even satisfied with that. Jinks had hardly climbed back on the horse again when Robin Hood jumped up in the back of the little wagon, pushed out two of the rabbits, and, curling up comfortably, took their place.

"He ought to be spanked," exclaimed Jinks.

But Betty stood up for him. "He has a right to be tired after all this long way. He's only a little dog, Jinks. Let's stop and rest, anyway."

Jinks thought a moment. "Well, I suppose we'd better. Billy ought to have a nap."

So the caravan was halted. The rabbits and Billy were taken out of the wagon so that Robin Hood could rest there undisturbed if he wanted to. All the animals were turned loose to forage for themselves, and Billy was put to bed on a soft grass plot. Even Jinks and Betty, when they had each drunk some milk and eaten some cold meat and bread and a piece of the lemon pie, felt sleepy after their unusually heavy exertions of the morning, and lay down for a little nap.

It was late afternoon when they awakened again. They probably would have kept on sleep-

Chapter Ten

ing even longer, if Billy, stirring around, had not tried to crawl over Jinks. He sat up.

"Betty, wake up!" he cried. "Where's Robin Hood and the sheep?"

Betty sat up and rubbed her eyes. No; there was no sign of either one.

"We'd better hurry up and find them," cried Jinks, scrambling up.

Betty stood up more slowly. This finding a desert island was hard work. She wondered if Robinson Crusoe had had as bad a time.

They called and shouted, and beat through the brush on all sides, but there was no sign of the deserters. Finally, Jinks caught sight of something moving along the river bank and he ran down there. What he saw made him stop at the edge of the trees and call to Betty. There was a huge turtle crawling along the river bank, and sitting calmly on his back was Robin Hood, while trotting docilely along behind was the sheep.

But Jinks waited too long. The commotion he made evidently startled the turtle and he waddled into the water and swam off down the middle of the river, with Robin Hood still peacefully surveying the landscape from his back. But, what

Jinks and Betty

was worse, the sheep waded in, too, and floundered along after.

Jinks stood on the bank in despair. What should he do? Betty, laboriously carrying Billy, was beside him now, and they looked at each other in dismay. What if Robin Hood and the sheep were drowned!

"I guess we'd better run along the bank, and perhaps somebody'll get 'em out for us," said Betty. Jinks took Billy from her, and they started off. Harper, inquisitive, trotted along after them.

Robin Hood was an eighth of a mile ahead of them when they heard a shout from across the river. It was Betty's father driving the wagon along the road. At the sudden noise the turtle dived, and Robin Hood was left stranded in the water. He flopped helplessly for a moment, while Betty, far behind, held her breath. Then, instinctively, he paddled with his legs, and was surprised to find they pushed him through the water. Two minutes later, the sheep beside him, he was shaking himself on the bank near Mr. Ramsey.

Not until then did Betty think of what her father might say to her about Billy. She was sud-



"I guess we'd better run along the bank."

Jinks and Betty

denly glad that it was such a warm day. My, how she wished she had not set out to find a desert island! Her blanket and best clothes rolled around in the mud, Billy out all day without his clothes, and his mother probably frightened to death; Robin Hood and the sheep almost drowned in the river: it was a terrible list to contemplate. Now, with her father near, she wondered how she could ever have been such a very, very bad girl.

CHAPTER 11

Robin Hood Sees His Shadow

Robin Hood rose slowly and stretched. It was too early to be very warm, so a race around the garden would not be amiss. He thought of that o'd rooster with a sudden raising of his stubby tail. It would be an ideal time to chase him. He stepped gingerly around Mike, so as not to awaken him, and trotted off toward the chicken-yard. But half a dozen yards or so farther on, he stopped abruptly.

There it was again — that strange, nervous, quickly-moving animal that had stuck to him all day yesterday — right in front of him; yet, when he tried to grab it, he hit nothing but the ground. He choked for a moment over the two pebbles he had inadvertently swallowed, and tried new tactics. He wondered if he could not get him by turning around quickly and catching him suddenly from the back.

Jinks and Betty

It was in just such a preoccupied mood as this that Betty discovered him.

"Just look at Robin Hood, Jinks!" she cried. "He's still trying to catch his shadow."

Jinks nodded his head. "I don't really think it's good for him to be doing nothing but following that old shadow of his around all the time."

He ran for him and threw his cap on Robin Hood's head. Robin Hood was not going to submit to such indignity; so he grabbed the cap and ran off. But he had not forgotten that strange animal that pursued him; he was merely putting off his capture to a more appropriate time.

It was Saturday, and the Pattersons and the Ramseys were going on their usual weekly picnic.

It was Betty's turn to decide where they should go; so, when she and her mother and Jinks came to the river, and got into the canoe, she shut her eyes tight while they glided swiftly down the stream. When she grew so tired that she just had to open them, she called "Stop!" And that was their camping-place for the day. This made it much more exciting, because then they never knew just where they were going to be.

Jinks and Betty jumped out, and Mrs. Ramsey

Chapter Eleven

went back for Mrs. Patterson and Robin Hood and Mike. Then they drew the canoe part way up on the land so the water would not carry it away, and hid the paddles in the bushes.

It was two or three hours later — they had eaten their picnic dinner, and Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Patterson had settled down to a quiet afternoon — when Betty wandered down to the river.

“Robin Hood Ramsey!” she called softly, but Robin Hood was too engrossed to hear her. He had discovered his shadow again, but this time it was a big, glittering one that shivered and wobbled, and sometimes spread out almost halfway across the river. He was standing on the prow of the canoe, looking down in the water and cudgeling his brains as to the most effective way of catching it.

Betty was worried. “I just know he’ll jump in and be drowned. Robin Hood!” she called again, but there was no response from his stiffly-arched back.

Betty stepped carefully down the bank. “If I can catch him before he jumps, I can hold him,” she thought to herself. Gingerly she stepped over the edge of the little craft, and getting down on

Jinks and Betty

her hands and knees, edged carefully up toward the bow. "Dear little Robin Hood," she said over and over, under her breath, "please wait until I get there."

She had almost reached him, when there was a wild war whoop from the bank and Jinks rushed



"Dear little Robin Hood, please wait till I get there!"

Chapter Eleven

down to the canoe. Betty motioned frantically for him to be still, but he had already cleared the bank in three jumps and with another jump was in the canoe beside her.

"Jinks Patterson, you might have drowned Robin Hood!" she started to say, and then she saw that Robin Hood, as startled as she, had turned around, forgetting all about his reflection, and that there was a still greater cause for alarm. In the beginning, the canoe had been mostly on dry land, but Betty's weight had brought it down so that the water could sweep against it, and gradually, inch by inch, pull it out from the shore. Jinks' jump had given it the final push it needed, and now it was off down the stream for the other end of the world.

"Mamma, mamma!" Betty screamed.

"She won't hear you," declared Jinks, settling down hastily into the bottom of the boat so that he wouldn't tip it. "We're off for a fine voyage."

"Jinks Patterson, I think you just did it on purpose," Betty cried.

"Don't be a silly baby," replied Jinks. "I'd have brought a paddle along if I had."

Betty looked at him in terrified amazement.

Jinks and Betty

"We haven't a paddle, have we? I didn't think. It'll never stop."

Jinks shook his head solemnly. "Not unless we can catch hold of a stick."

The canoe was going serenely on down the river, and familiar landmarks were fast disappearing from view. Even Robin Hood seemed a little uneasy at this new adventure he had fallen into, and gazed solemnly at the shore.

Jinks trailed his hand in the water in the forlorn hope that it might act as a paddle, and turn the canoe toward the shore. But it had no more effect than one of the little bubbles swimming along on the water itself.

"Well, anyway, Robin Hood can't find his shadow here," declared Jinks after a long silence.

They had been going hours, it seemed to Betty and Jinks, when, finally, Jinks spied a long bough drifting in the water.

"There's a stick, Betty," he whispered, as if he were afraid he might scare it away. Although it was going down stream too, the canoe, because of its greater weight, gained on it steadily. Jinks knelt in order to catch it more easily, and, as they went by, made a wild grab and caught it. Betty

Chapter Eleven

sighed with relief; and Robin Hood, who was ordinarily a very taciturn dog, barked.

Jinks found the stick was long enough to reach the sandy bottom of the river, and that he could push the boat over toward the shore. He gave half a dozen pushes and the bow touched the sand at the edge. Robin Hood jumped and landed on dry ground; and, though the canoe bumped along sideways over the stones, it finally caught against a projecting tree, and they clambered out.

"I don't know where we are at all, do you, Jinks?" said Betty, slipping her hand into his.

"No; but somebody'll show us the way home," declared Jinks stoutly.

They followed a little path up the bank. It led them straight to a tiny log cabin, where a man was writing on the end of an upturned box. He was such a big man and had such black eyes that Betty was afraid of him, but Jinks spoke up bravely:

"Please, we live in River Edge, and will you tell us the way home?"

The man looked angry, Betty thought.

"In a minute," he said shortly. "Sit down there." He waved to the bench against the wall.

Jinks and Betty

"But —" Jinks protested.

"Don't bother me now. In a minute, I said."

They sat down, first Betty, then Robin Hood, then Jinks. They sat there for what seemed hours, and still the man wrote on. Finally, Robin Hood looked over the edge of the bench, and there on the floor was his shadow. He barked. Betty held her breath—what would the man do to them? But apparently he had not heard. Then Jinks decided they could get out of the door softly without the man's knowing it. But the bench creaked as they moved, and the man lifted his head; and both Jinks and Betty slid back quickly into their places. It would be terrible if the man was angry; he might never let them go.

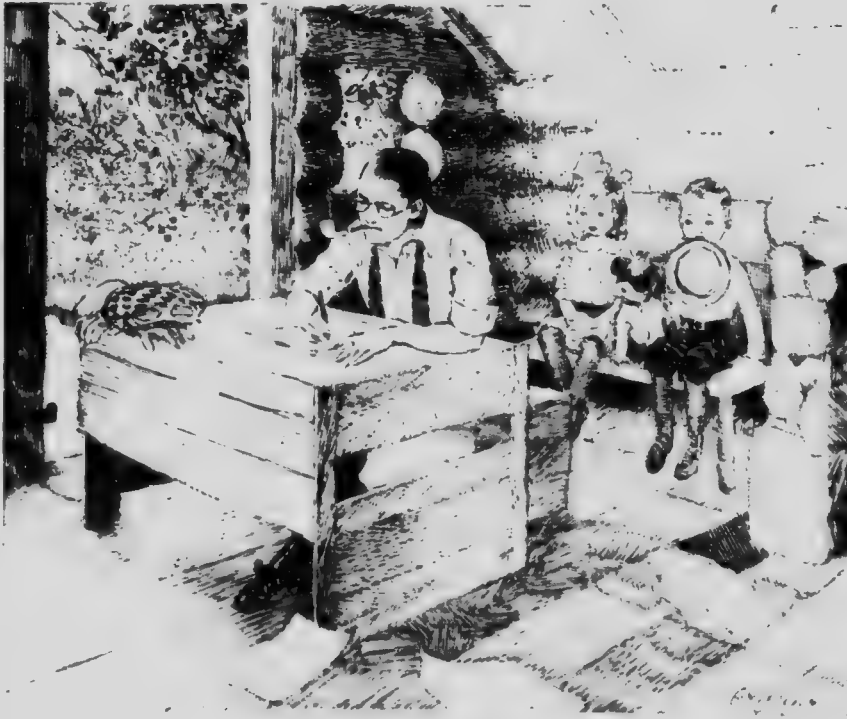
It grew later and later, and was even getting a little dark, when they heard steps outside, and Mike rushed into the cabin, with Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Patterson close behind him.

"Oh, mother," Betty cried, and threw herself into her arms, while Jinks did the same with his mother, and Robin Hood bumped up against Mike.

"We were so afraid, and he was such a cross man," Betty whispered.

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The man was standing up now. "I'm really very sorry, madam. I had forgotten all about the children. I had some writing to finish. I come here every week to be quiet."



"He was such a cross man."

Betty saw now that he really had nice eyes. They weren't cross at all!

"I must have seemed like a regular old gram-

Jinks and Betty

pus. Let me make amends by taking you all home in my car. It's just outside."

And so it came about that they had a swift ride home in a real automobile. But Jinks whispered to Betty as they neared home:

"It never would have turned out so well if we had been to blame. Something dreadful would have happened to us. But just because it was Robin Hood and his shadow, it came out all right. Dogs always get off easier."

CHAPTER 12

The Rebellion of Robin Hood

Robin Hood was cross clean through. For almost four days he had been traveling in this horrid, hot, dark baggage car. To be sure, he had been taken out at intervals and allowed to exercise his legs whenever the train stopped long enough at a station, but this hardly counted against the blank dullness of the rest of the days.

The Ramsey and Patterson families had bought a big ranch with vineyard-covered hills in California and were going there to live, for a while at least — which was the reason for Robin Hood's protracted stay in the baggage car.

He had explored every inch of the car dozens of times and there was not another thing to do. He squatted down beside two birds who had flown into the car at a station and were fighting over some crumbs the baggage-man had scattered. Suddenly, he had an idea. He had never had a

Jinks and Betty

fight in his life. Why not have a fight with Mike? It would be something novel, anyway. He glanced over at Mike, sprawled out on his side, asleep, near the crack in the door. Robin Hood sniffed him over carefully, and considered. If he just took hold of him any place, it would wake him up, but it would only make him irritable. He wouldn't fight for that. Robin Hood snapped his jaws together to test their strength. They really weren't big enough to do much to Mike's throat if he grabbed him there. No, that was hardly feasible.

And then, all at once, Robin Hood noticed Mike's paw curled back protectingly. It was the one a sliver had got into and which had not yet healed. Robin Hood reflected. That was the place!

"I'll give him just the tiniest jab, so that it won't hurt too much," he thought, then backed off, and with a mighty spring was on top of Mike pinching the sore foot between his teeth.

Mike jumped up with a howl of pain and rage. Robin Hood followed up his attack by bunting his head into Mike's stomach.

Now, Mike, although most sweet-tempered ordinarily, was as tired and hot as Robin Hood, and

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this was too much from a puppy he had virtually brought up. With a low growl, he leaped. Robin Hood had no time to defend himself, even if he had been able to. He was shaken by the neck, rolled over and over on the floor, his ears chewed, not enough to injure him but quite sufficient to



With a low growl he leaped.

Jinks and Betty

hurt his pride, and thumped against the side of the car until he could hardly breathe.

He felt sullen and resentful. This wasn't a proper fight. Mike had merely spanked him as if he were only a little puppy, whereas he was entirely grown-up, now, even though little in size. He decided he hated Mike.

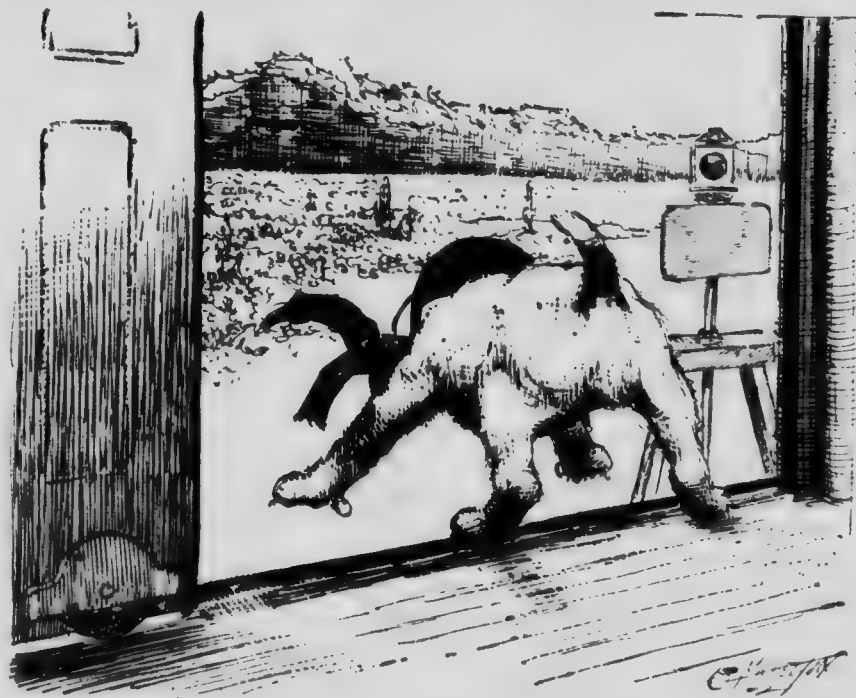
Just then the train stopped, the baggage-man opened the car door, and, a second later, Betty and Jinks came running down.

"Why, Robin Hood and Mike, where are your hats?" Betty cried. And then they both had to stand still, while their hats were tied securely. This was another grievance. Robin Hood hated that hat. It was a straw one with a wide brim, and there was a small moist sponge in the crown. In River Edge all the horses wore hats like that in summer, and so Jinks had decided that Robin Hood and Mike must, since they were going to live in such a hot country.

Betty and Jinks had to run back right away, because the train had only stopped for water, although Betty, when no one was looking, stopped long enough to untie the ropes by which Robin Hood and Mike had been held. Robin Hood fol-

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lowed to the door and gazed out on the open country. He glanced at Mike beside him. Mike still looked angry. Robin Hood suddenly had an inspiration. He would run away and make them



He would run away and make them all sorry.

all sorry. He wasn't going to stay in that hot car any longer. Without further consideration he jumped, and, very much satisfied with himself, watched Mike's astonished face slowly fading from view. But when the whole train had swept

Jinks and Betty

past, and he saw the end of it disappearing down the track, he felt a little twinge of dismay. Perhaps it would be as well to discover where it went to, so he could find it again when he wanted it. but although his legs went faster and faster until he panted for breath, it was no use. In five minutes the train had vanished. Nevertheless, he jogged patiently along the ties for almost an hour. He was glad of the hat now. It afforded some protection at least from the rays of that blazing hot sun.

Finally, he was so hot and tired and thirsty that he stopped under a particularly high sage brush and lay down. There wasn't a sign of anything interesting in sight—nothing but sage brush and cacti. He espied a great red fruit on one of these, and ran over toward it. Perhaps it had water inside. He bit into it quickly. But, alas for poor Robin Hood! The fruit was covered with little prickles that imbedded themselves gleefully in his tongue and the roof of his mouth; and the more he worked to get them out, the farther in they went. Robin Hood was scared. This was terrible—to be 'way off here in the desert alone, with no one to help him. He went

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mournfully back to the railroad and trotted along again in the direction the train had gone.

After another mile he had to rest again. His legs wobbled, they were so tired, and he was panting laboriously with the pain in his mouth, and the heat. He wished he hadn't tried to fight with Mike. He couldn't imagine how he could have been so hateful.

In the meantime, the train had gone on, unmindful of Robin Hood's fate. About twenty miles on was the little station, Pepperville, whence the Ramseys and Pattersons were to drive to their new home. They all piled off, and Betty and Jinks ran to the baggage car for Mike and Robin Hood. But Robin Hood was nowhere to be seen, and the moment Mike was released he ran as fast as he could go back down the track in the direction from which the train had come.

"Papa!" Jinks shouted, "the baggage-man says Robin Hood isn't here, and that he must have fallen off the train back at the water-tank."

The tears were streaming down Betty's cheeks. "Perhaps he was killed," she sobbed.

There was a hurried consultation. Mike was already merely a black speck down the track.

Jinks and Betty

There was no train back until the next day. Finally, a rancher, standing near, spoke up: "I've a strong horse that could stand the trip, if you want to borrow him."

Robin Hood had to be rescued, so it was finally



There, under a bit of brush, was Robin Hood.

decided that Mr. Ramsey was to take the horse, and the rest were to start for the ranch.

About two miles out Mr. Ramsey overtook Mike. "Go back, Mike," he shouted. Mike barked and looked up at him appealingly, but would not turn

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around. For three hours they traveled and still there was no signs of Robin Hood. Mr. Ramsey had dismounted and was patting Mike, who was almost too exhausted to go any farther, when he heard a low whine. He turned around quickly, and there, under a bit of brush, was Robin Hood. His swollen tongue was hanging out and he could hardly move.

"You poor Robin Hood," exclaimed Mr. Ramsey, picking him up. He opened his canteen and poured a little trickle of water down Robin Hood's throat. Then he noticed the dozens of little prickles; so he sat down on the ground, and while Mike licked Robin Hood's ears, he picked them out, one by one.

It was evening before he finally got to the ranch, and he was met at the door by an eager chorus! "Did you find Robin Hood? Is he all right?"

Robin Hood was handed around and petted and sympathized with, and Mike had to receive his share, too, so that it was very late before they all got to bed, this first night in their new home. But, through it all Robin Hood was puzzled. Here he had been cross and ugly, had bitten Mike's sore

Jinks and Betty

foot, had run away and made Mr. Ramsey come 'way back for him—and yet he was not being punished. In fact, everyone was nicer than ever. Why, he had been punished before for merely digging up plants in the garden! He could not understand it at all.

CHAPTER 13

Simon the Runaway Ape

"Good-bye, Mike and Robin Hood. We have to go to school, and you can't come with us."

Jinks patted Mike's head regretfully, Betty gave Robin Hood a squeeze, and they started off for their first day at the little California schoolhouse.

They went along in silence. Jinks thought resentfully that Mike and Robin Hood might at least have been allowed to go as far as the schoolhouse. And then they heard a soft "pat-pat," and there, behind them, were Mike and Robin Hood, looking very self-conscious.

Jinks hesitated; then, with just one side glance at Betty, he whistled, and with that encouragement Mike and Robin Hood fell gleefully in behind.

The teacher glanced at the little procession as it entered the schoolhouse, but said nothing while

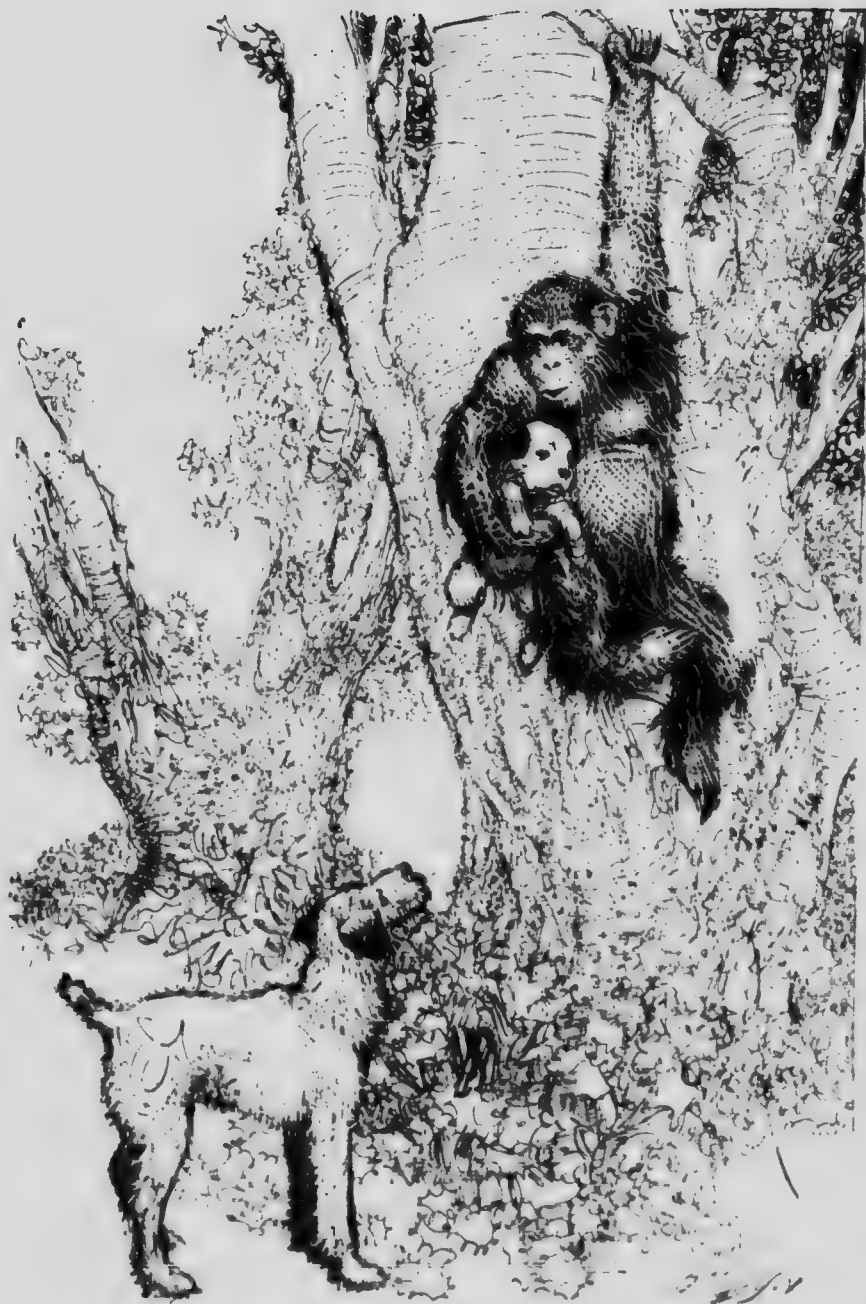
Jinks and Betty

the dogs were safely stowed beneath the seats. All might have gone well if Jinks had not sneezed. Robin Hood immediately sneezed, too. It was a trick he had only recently learned, and he was very proud of it. Of course, all the children laughed, and Robin Hood and Mike were promptly banished.

Jinks watched them longingly out of the window. It was awfully nice out there under the trees. Then, suddenly, he looked closer. There, swinging on the big live oak, was a big monkey, and in one hairy arm he held Robin Hood!

Jinks' heart jumped into his mouth. What should he do? Mike was under the tree looking up helplessly at poor, scared Robin Hood. And then, while Jinks gazed panic-stricken, the ape swung down from the tree and disappeared.

There was nothing for it but to go after him. The teacher's back was turned; Jinks whispered to Betty, and ran hurriedly out, with Betty after him. The ape had disappeared from view, and all they could do was to run in the direction Jinks had seen him last, Jinks explaining the situation to the horrified Betty as they ran. Betty was panting with fatigue, when, coming around a large



In one hairy arm the ape held Robin Hood.

Jinks and Betty

cactus, they nearly stumbled over the ape, who was sitting down, holding Robin Hood, and examining him closely from head to tail, while at a respectful distance stood Mike, looking belligerent, but making no hostile moves.

Jinks considered. The monkey really had a very kind face. "What shall we do, Betty?" he whispered.

"Pull Robin Hood away," she declared, and courageously moved up closer.

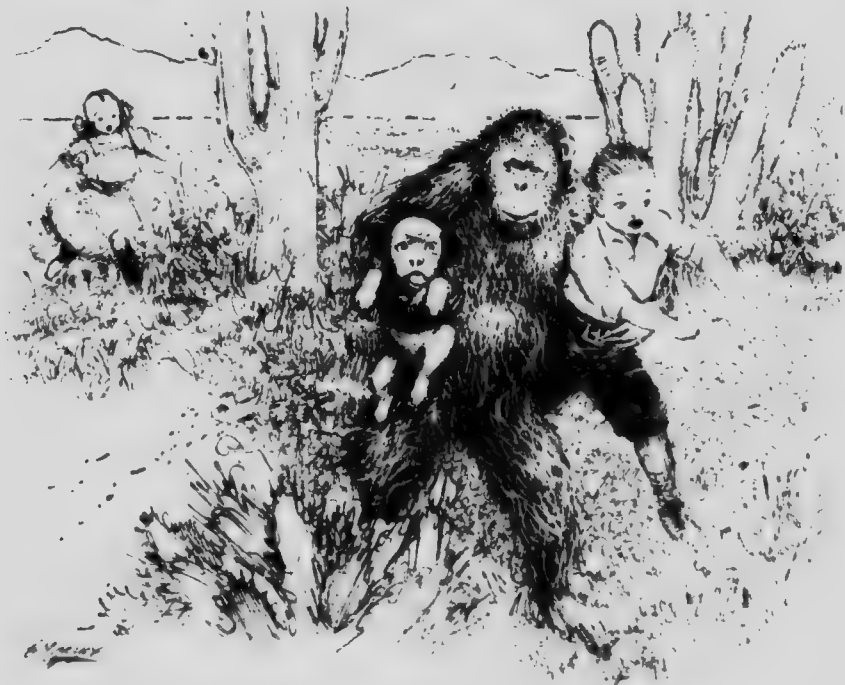
Jinks pushed her away. "I guess this isn't any girl's business," he said, and walked over to the ape, who stood up with a solemn mien as he came closer. Just as Jinks reached out for Robin Hood, the ape whirled, and, still clutching Robin Hood, put his other arm around Jinks and started off on a steady run. Jinks was forced to run, too. He really was badly scared. Betty, crying bitterly, ran after them.

But the ape apparently had no intention of hurting either Robin Hood or Jinks. As soon as they came to a tree, he let go his hold, and clambered up into the branches.

"Jinks, run and get help now!" Betty shouted excitedly. She turned toward home; but at the

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first step Jinks took, the ape slid down the tree and grabbed him. It was no use, apparently. The ape had no interest at all in Betty — she could go where she liked — but Jinks had to stay.



Jinks was forced to run too.

"You go on home," Jinks advised Betty sagely, although hoping inwardly she would not leave him alone.

"No, I won't leave you alone with that horrid monkey," Betty answered bravely. After that,

Jinks and Betty

they tried slipping away gradually; but no matter how unobserving the ape seemed, he always pulled Jinks back.

"I don't think he'd hurt me, anyway," Jinks declared, beginning to be proud of the experience now that there seemed to be no real danger. Tentatively, he put his hand on the ape's head and patted it gingerly. The ape remained perfectly still.

"Perhaps he's a trick monkey," Betty exclaimed.

"Wouldn't that be great if he was? We might start a circus with him."

Betty nodded gravely. Now that she was sure that Jinks and Robin Hood were not going to be eaten up, this was much more fun than school.

"Let's see! What tricks could we make him do that would be funny enough?"

Jinks looked around for an inspiration. "Here, Mike, turn a somersault. Perhaps the monkey'll do it, too." But the ape looked stoically on while Mike performed.

Robin Hood, however, jealous at the attention given to Mike, sneezed; and, immediately after, the ape sneezed, too, very clumsily and with great

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difficulty, yet a sneeze that very evidently was copied from that of Robin Hood.

"Let's see if he'll shake hands like Robin Hood," exclaimed Jinks.

Robin Hood shook hands, first with Betty and then with Jinks; and then Jinks took hold of the ape's arm and shook it, but there was no response. Then, all at once, after Robin Hood had repeated his performance twice, the ape apparently understood what was expected of him, and, grabbing Jinks' hand, he waved it up and down rapidly and vigorously.

Jinks' eyes shone with excitement. Here was a chance to show the boys around here what he could do. None of them, he just bet, had ever had a real live monkey.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said to Betty. "You know, there's going to be that meeting in the schoolhouse to-night. Well, let's give an exhibition there, and then we'll go into the business. This'll be sort of an advertisement."

"But mother'll be scared if we stay away so long," protested Betty.

Jinks thought this new fact over. "Here, give me your book." He took Betty's new reader, and

Jinks and Betty

while she looked on somewhat uneasily, tore out the fly-leaf and wrote:

Dear Folks:

Look for us at the schoolhouse to-night. Big show!

MIKE, SIMON, ROBIN HOOD, AND JINKS.

"That's what we'll call the monkey — Simon," Jinks finished with satisfaction. "Now, you go back to school and write in big letters on the black-board about the show to-night. Then you take this letter home, and don't you tell where I am. Cross your heart!"

Betty crossed her heart, and readily agreed that she "hoped to die."

"I'll stay here and get Simon well trained, and then you meet me in Indian Field right away after supper."

Betty went off reluctantly. She had a hard time with her mother and Jinks' mother, who insisted on knowing where Jinks was. Of course, she didn't tell, but it wasn't very pleasant. After supper, with great difficulty, she managed to slip away to Indian Field.

Jinks greeted her jubilantly. "We're all

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ready," he announced; "Jinks Patterson, with his performing ape, Simon, and his two clever trick dogs!"

Betty danced in glee. "Oh, Jinks, that's great!"

They waited outside the schoolhouse in the darkness until the room was full. "We want to wait until everyone gets there," Jinks whispered, when Betty grew impatient. Simon was keeping beautifully quiet, although he still had tight hold of both Jinks and Robin Hood. Finally, Jinks announced it was time to go in. Betty led the procession; then came Mike, and after him, Simon clutching his two prisoners.

As they marched slowly up the aisle to the platform, everyone was so astonished that there was not a sound. And then Jinks' mother screamed! Startled, Simon turned his head, and catching sight of a man just entering the door, released Robin Hood and Jinks, but caught up Betty, and, leaping to the bell-rope, climbed rapidly up this with his feet and one hand. The noise of the bell, as he swung on the rope, added to the wild clamor.

Jinks and Betty

Jinks started to run up on the platform, but the man whom Simon had seen was ahead of him. Under one arm he held a huge rag doll dressed like a boy, and in the other hand was a small toy dog.

"Here, Dimples," he shouted, "come on down! Here's your doll and your dog." Simon looked long and searchingly at the doll the man held out; then, while the whole room held its breath, carefully deposited Betty on the floor, and took the doll under one arm and the dog under his other. The man put his arms gently upon the ape's shoulders.

"He wouldn't harm anyone. He's as gentle as a kitten," he said; but as he led Dimples toward the door, everybody moved back quickly. "He just caught up the little girl, because, in the moving-picture company we're with, that's what he does in the play. Seeing me, reminded him of it. Dimples wouldn't have hurt the little boy, or the dog, either. He always picks up boys and dogs when he can't find his own rag ones."

Jinks looked around quickly. He hoped that nobody had heard that. It rather spoiled his adventure. Then he caught his father's eye, and

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realized an explanation was due. Well, even though he did get punished, it didn't matter so much, if he was just sure he had properly impressed the boys.

CHAPTER 14

Capturing the Witch

Jinks and Betty went immediately to the garden after breakfast. It was October thirty-first and Hallowe'en.

"Well, have you thought of anything?" Jinks asked eagerly.

"No." Betty shook her head sadly. "Nothing but putting salt in the sugar-bowl, and that's for April Fool's Day."

"We had a pumpkin last year," said Jinks slowly. "We ought to have something new this year."

"Let's go up to our cave," proposed Betty. "We can't plan anything here, with everybody calling to us all the time."

This cave of theirs was a recent discovery, and quite a respectable cave it was, as caves go. The road back of their house ran right into the Sierra Madre mountains, and there, between the first and

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the second mountain, was a noisy little brook, which, followed for a certain distance, led you to the cave. It was not nearly so easily found as this seems, because if it had been, Jinks and Betty would not have adopted it. You had to walk to a certain point in the stream, which was indicated now by a stone with a black cross on it, then fifteen steps up the side of the far mountain, circle two trees, and if no one was looking, crawl flat on your stomach through the thick underbrush the distance of ten wriggles. You were now at the mouth of the cave, which, beginning with a huge open chamber, vanished into a pitch-dark, damp little passageway with which, as yet, Jinks and Betty were not fully acquainted.

It was a very obliging cave, full of all kinds of mysteries, so that Jinks and Betty and Robin Hood and Mike played on, unmindful of the business they had come for, until the sun was half way down the wrong side of the sky.

"Why, Jinks Patterson!" Betty exclaimed, finally. "It's awfully late, and we must go home this very minute."

They trudged the mile home in silence. "Well, we'll just have to make some pumpkin lanterns,"

Jinks and Betty

Jinks declared, as they came in sight of the barn. "Father said last night that on Hallowe'en everything should go contrary, but I can't think of anything interesting that's contrary."

But, surely, as they came closer, there was something strange about the house.

"No one seems to be doing anything," exclaimed Betty.

"Why, there's my mother and your mother out there in the field on the horses, and some one funny following them on old Sallie," said Jinks, puzzled.

"Hello, mother!" Betty called.

"Hello, child!" her mother called back, but did not turn her head.

"And, look! There's father off in the other end of the field, and he's riding wrong side to," shouted Jinks excitedly.

No one paid any attention to the children, and the strange creature in the rear moved her eyes neither to the left nor to the right.

As the horses walked slowly around the field, Jinks and Betty followed along.

"I think the stranger is a Hallowe'en witch," Betty whispered excitedly, as they turned back

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to the house. "And I think they're all bewitched."

"Oh, shucks!" said Jinks, decidedly. "There aren't any witches, any more." But, nevertheless, he gazed a long time at that strange figure on the horse. She was short, and what one could see of her face under her wide-brimmed, high-peaked hat was a deep brown color. Her shoes were long and pointed, and stuck out ridiculously from the horse's sides. The Mother Hubbard gown she wore had a short coat over it belted in at the waist.

"She's holding a broom, too," Betty added in a frightened whisper.

"We'll get mother alone, and ask her why she doesn't send her away," Jinks declared stoutly.

But the witch followed so close on the heels of the two mothers that there was no opportunity. Finally, Betty's mother went on ahead, and Jinks ran up to her. "Who is that witch, and why does she follow you around?" he asked hastily.

"I see no witch," Mrs. Ramsey answered calmly, looking around.

"But look at her, mother!" Betty said, impolitely pointing at the witch.

Jinks and Betty

"I see Jinks' mother," she declared.

"Oh, mother!" Betty exclaimed.

"Aren't we going to have any supper?" Jinks asked desperately.

"Mayhap, when the moon doth rise, and you do get it," Mrs. Ramsey answered, without looking at him.

"They're all crazy," Jinks declared. "Let's go and get something to eat."

But when they turned away, the witch slipped down off her horse and followed them. Jinks took Betty's hand, and they walked faster and faster, but they could not escape. The witch almost walked over them at every step.

"Jinks," whispered Betty in an agonized whisper, "what shall we do?" Even Robin Hood viewed the interloper with suspicion, and kept at a safe distance.

Jinks shook his head.

On the porch Jinks' father was reading, not in the shade, but out in the hot sun, and instead of sitting in orthodox fashion with his face to the road, he had his back turned. Jinks gave forth a sound that was almost a groan. "Betty, he's reading his book upside down."

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Just then the witch slipped past them and stalked up the steps to the porch, balancing her broom airily in one hand. At her touch Jinks'



They walked backwards down the steps.

father rose hastily. The witch slipped her arm through his, whipped a hand-mirror out from a capacious pocket, and before the horrified eyes of

Jinks and Betty

Jinks and Betty and the dogs, they walked backwards down the steps.

Jinks and Betty waited to see no more, but ran to the safety of the barn.

"Isn't it horrible?" moaned Betty.

"We must do something right away," declared Jinks. "We must rescue them from this enchantment."

"If we could only get the witch away!" Betty drew Jinks' head down to whisper to him: "We could capture her and hide her in the cave."

"Yes, we must do it; there's no telling what may happen to them if we don't rescue them." Jinks felt better, now that there was such an interesting project on foot, but Betty's lips still quivered.

"I'll hitch up the horse and wagon; and you get the clothes-line from the laundry, if you can get past the witch," he commanded energetically.

Betty flew out, found the line, and was back safely in two minutes.

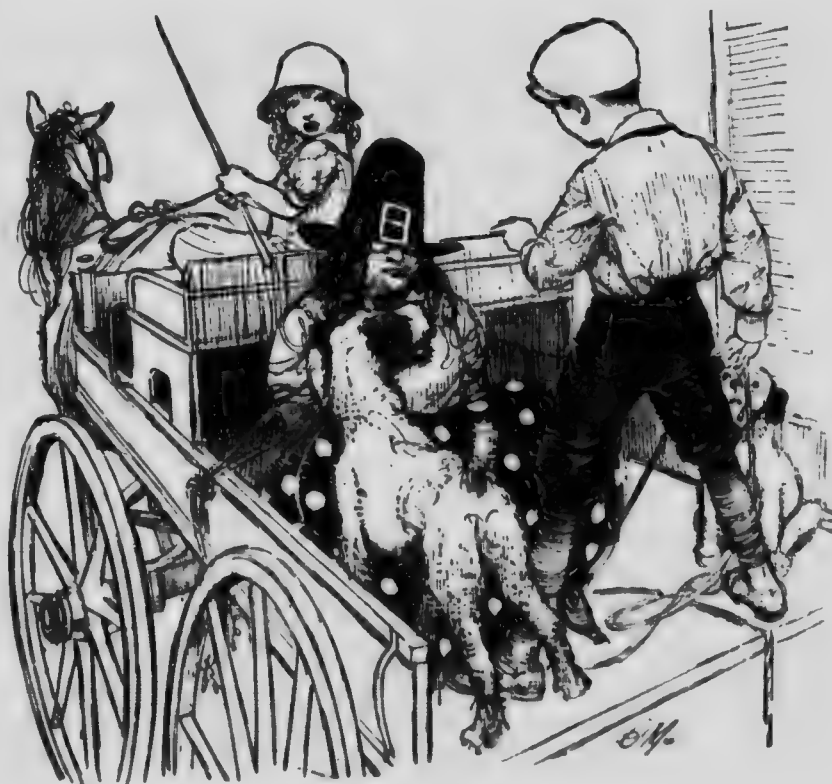
"The witch is out there alone," she reported. "Perhaps we can catch her now!"

How they were to get her into the wagon troubled Jinks for a minute, and then a plan came to

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him. "She'll probably follow us into the wagon," he announced, "and then I'll tie her."

The plan worked beautifully, the witch clambering over the back of the wagon right after Betty. Quick as lightning, Jinks slipped over her waist a noose of the rope, made with a slip-knot, and secured the other end to one of the



Capturing the witch.

Jinks and Betty

shafts, Mike and Robin Hood standing on either side of him as if for a guard.

The witch made a move as if to speak, and then checked herself. "Put your hands back there," Jinks said in as big a voice as he could manage, "or I'll squeeze the knot up into you." The witch docilely put her hands behind her back. Then Jinks did the same with her feet, although she kicked a little there. But Jinks was strong, and Betty helped.

They drove in silence up to the mountains, skirted the first one, and went up the bed of the stream to the marked stone.

Betty and Jinks conferred in whispers. "She's too heavy to carry up," was Betty's decision. "We'll have to drive right up over the bushes into the cave."

Jinks agreed, and although the horse demurred, the wagon tipped perilously, and the witch screamed a good many times, they finally managed it.

When they found themselves in the cool darkness of the cave, Jinks seized Betty's hand hastily. "Let's get out of here. 'Tisn't safe to be in here alone with her. We'll leave her in the wagon and

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just unhitch the horse." Despite himself, his fingers trembled as he fumblingly slipped the harness off the horse.

As they started hurriedly out they heard the witch say softly:

"I don't like to be left all alone in this dark cave."

Jinks dragged Betty hurriedly out after him. And, yet, that voice, somehow, had a familiar ring. When they were out in the open again, they both got on the horse and raced madly for home, Mike and Robin Hood bounding on ahead barking loudly.

They found everybody gathered at the door of the barn. "You're all right, now; you needn't be afraid. We've got rid of the witch," Jinks shouted.

There was a long silence, and then Jinks' father burst out laughing. "That's your Aunt Winnie, my boy, and if you've imprisoned her somewhere, you'd better get her out right away, or she'll get even with you by playing some more tricks on you."

"But, mother," — even now Betty's lips quivered — "you seemed so different."

Jinks and Betty

"Didn't I tell you, Betty, that on Hallowe'en things went by contraries?"

At last, Betty smiled. "Jinks, we did do something else than make pumpkins."

Then she put her arm around her mother. "But I don't think I like it when you play Hallowe'en, too, mother."

CHAPTER 15

The Elopement of Merrylegs

"I don't care. I think you're just as horrid as you can be to go without me. I'm mad at you, and I won't ever speak to you again." Betty turned hastily away to hide the very undignified trembling of her lips. "I know something you don't know, anyway; and you'd be very glad to know it," she called back over her shoulder.

Jinks shouted after her in a tone of superiority: "You're only a girl, anyway. Girls can't go places with men. I don't care about what you know; I'm going up into the mountains for wood."

Betty did not deign to reply to this sweeping accusation; but from the shelter of the big grape-vine she watched Jinks and her father and Mr. Patterson drive off toward the mountains in a wagon. Then she looked around disconsolately. There wasn't a single thing she wanted to do. She might have played house if Robin Hood hadn't

Jinks and Betty

eaten Pinkie, the last of her doll family, the day before. "I just wish I knew something to do to get into mischief," she said aloud. "Mother could have made them take me if she'd wanted to.

"You needn't sniff so loud, either, Robin Hood," she called crossly. "I hate to hear anyone sniff."

But, suddenly, the significance of Robin Hood's puffs aroused her interest. "He's smelling Jinks' new pony," she thought. "I wish I'd told Jinks about him. I don't care if it was to be a surprise. Perhaps he'd have stayed home, then. I think I'll go in and look at him. He'll be some company, anyway." She brought a box and climbed up to the nail where she had seen Mr. Patterson put the key. When she opened the door she gave a little cry of astonishment at the fat, jolly-looking pony, so much bigger than Betty had expected. He even had a name-plate over his stall, on which was painted the name "Merrylegs." Robin Hood smelled at the pony's heels and Betty cautiously patted his side. The new saddle hung on the opposite wall, and, after a moment's hesitation, Betty strapped it on the pony.

"I think I'll get on you for just a moment, Merrylegs," she said, and, as Merrylegs seemed to

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take this announcement in a friendly spirit, she climbed on his back. Without further encouragement, Merrylegs backed out of his stall, and, while Betty did not know whether to be delighted or afraid, started for the door. But in bending over



" Oh, Robin Hood, you'll be killed! "

Jinks and Betty

to avoid being twisted off the saddle, when he went through the door, the bridle slipped out of her hand. Merrylegs gave a long sigh of relief as he breathed in the outdoor air, and then, with a snort, he was off. Betty grabbed his neck in terror. Every leap he took nearly shook her off.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, but Merrylegs was off for the open country, and the house was even now a whole field away. She heard a queer noise and looked down. There was Robin Hood holding on to the fallen bridle with his teeth and thumping up against the pony with every stride.

Betty's face went whiter still. "Oh, Robin Hood Ramsey," she wailed, "you'll be killed, too!" She took a fresh grip around Merrylegs' neck and dug her heels into his sides in a vain attempt to make him stop.

"Merrylegs, you'd better stop this very minute, or you'll be sold right back. They thought you were a gentle pony or they would never have taken you," she gasped out. Merrylegs put his ears back to hear what Betty was saying, but he showed no signs of slowing up. And then Betty screamed: "Oh, dear, there goes Robin Hood. He's fallen off." But she did not dare to look

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around to see what had happened to him. Her saddle was slipping, and she expected every minute to find herself on the ground.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so horrid and cross and selfish to Jinks," she thought. "Perhaps I'm being punished." Merrylegs had long since abandoned the fields he had first selected, and had been traveling along the highway, but now he turned abruptly into a smaller, sandier lane leading off across the valley and dropped back into a trot.

"You let me get off this minute, Merrylegs Patterson. I've got to go back for my poor little Robin Hood that you've probably killed."

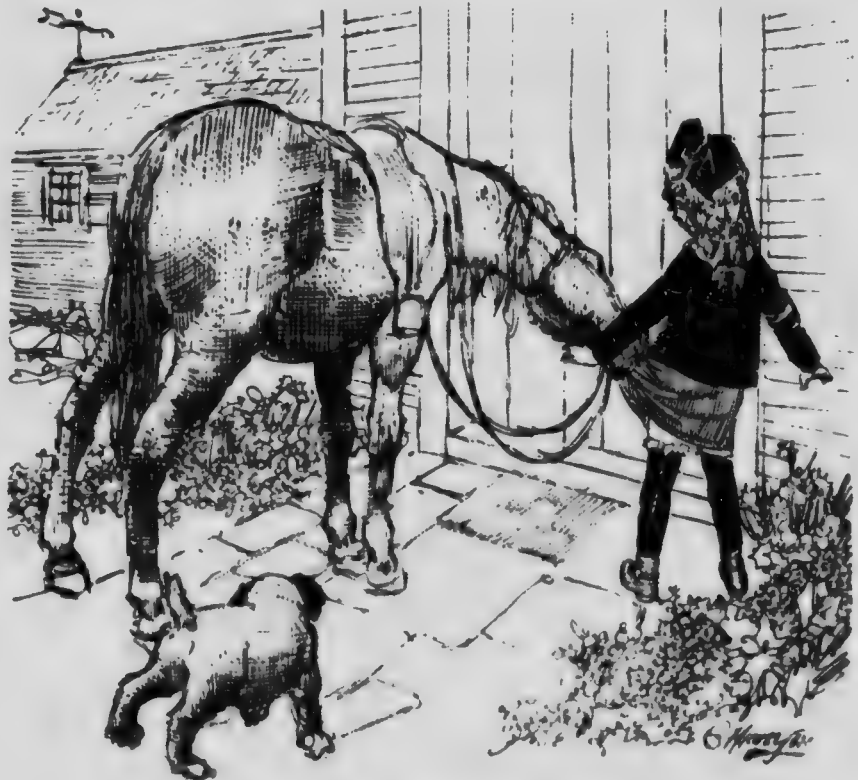
But Merrylegs trotted urbanely on, occasionally walking for half a mile or more, and even stopping for a nibble of dried grass, but always quickening his pace when Betty made any movement to slide off. Finally Betty espied a ranch through the trees. She sighed with relief. "I'll scream when I go by and perhaps they'll come to get me."

At the road leading to the house, Merrylegs turned in and swept briskly around to the barn, where he stopped.

Jinks and Betty

Betty slid down without a second's hesitation, and immediately Merrylegs took hold of her dress with his teeth and tried to pull her toward the closed barn-door.

Not a single human being in sight! She peeked in at the windows and tried the back door gently, but the place was completely deserted. It wasn't



Merrylegs took hold of her dress with his teeth.

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such a relief, after all. Here she was, miles away from home, alone with a naughty pony, with nothing to eat, and not the faintest idea of how to get home.

"I suppose you came back because this is where you used to live, Merrylegs, but you needn't have brought me," she declared. Then the grass moved beside her, and Robin Hood, dusty, limping, and very tired, emerged.

Betty dropped on the ground beside him and put her arms around him. Seeing him, somehow brought her nearer home. But she had to do something. She couldn't just stay here. How she wished that Jinks were with her, and then she remembered hastily that she was never going to speak to Jinks again. It was an unhappy world, anyway. Even home wasn't a nice place when punishment for paying Merrylegs a forbidden visit awaited one. Betty wearily went over to the pony: "Now, Merrylegs Patterson, you've been a very naughty pony — much naughtier than I've been, and I'm going to tell my father so, too. You've got to take me right home this minute, or you'll be punished." She put her head against his warm neck for a moment and cried just a wee

Jinks and Betty

bit. The pony's plight reminded her of her own trouble.

Then, picking up his bridle, she led him down the path to the road. Riding him was too uncertain a matter. She wouldn't risk it again. With Robin Hood on one side of him, and Betty on the other, Merrylegs strolled peacefully on, not a bit in a hurry now that his companions were so anxious to proceed. Every clump of grass he saw he stopped to taste, although Betty tugged at his bridle with all her strength.

Later and later it grew, and still no familiar landmarks appeared. "Oh, Merrylegs," Betty cried finally, "I don't believe you know at all where you're taking us." They had been off the road for a long time now, and were wandering across the cacti-dotted valley. The sun was fast slipping over the horizon, and by the time they reached the live oak tree which Merrylegs had seemed to be aiming for, the black California darkness of night, which descends so quickly in the Pacific States, was upon them.

Betty gathered up Robin Hood. "I'm so scared!" she whispered. The pony was standing still now, and she squeezed up as close as possible

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to him. "Merrylegs, we're lost and you don't know the least bit more where we are than I do myself."



"Merrylegs, we're lost."

Normally, Betty was not afraid of the dark, but this terrible inky blackness where she could not even see her feet, 'way off in the midst of a lonely country, made her forget that Jinks had a vast

Jinks and Betty

contempt for girl cry-babies. She finally lay down on the ground, with Robin Hood cuddled close to her, and fell fast asleep.

The next thing she heard was a confused murmur of sounds and a voice strangely like Jinks' whispering in her ear, "Betty, it would have been much nicer if you had been along, and I brought you a bag of candy from the store."

Betty opened her eyes. It was morning again, and there was Jinks, and there was her father with the wagon, and he didn't look a bit cross.

"And, Betty," Jinks added eagerly, "I'll give you half of Merrylegs."

Under ordinary conditions Betty would have replied, "I don't want half of such a naughty pony," but now she merely slipped her hand inside of Jinks' and whispered sweetly, "It's very nice to be made up again, even though it did take such a lot of trouble."

CHAPTER 16

An Interrupted Adventure

Betty gazed forlornly at Jinks. "It isn't fair. I don't want you to go away."

Jinks gazed back with equal soberness, and kicked at the inoffensive porch step. "I don't want to go to any old grandmother's, either."

"Nothing will be any fun here at all," Betty continued sulkily.

For the week that Jinks had known he was to go back East with his father and spend a month with his grandmother, he had been parading his importance before the neighborhood, but now that the time had arrived and that very night he was to leave, staying with Betty seemed far nicer. "If I wasn't here, I couldn't go," he said thoughtfully.

Betty looked up with hope in her eyes. "Jinks!" she exclaimed, "let's run away."

Jinks put his finger on his lips and tiptoed

Jinks and Betty

around the porch. "Hi — Robin Hood! Hi, there, Mike!" he called softly.

Betty tiptoed around after him. "I'll get my wagon and my shawl strap," she whispered, "to carry blankets and things."

"You'd better start up the road with it empty, then, so that mother won't think anything about it. I'll see if I can get the things out of the house and come along afterwards." Jinks looked happy again, for the first time in half an hour.

Betty walked obediently up the road, and, fifteen minutes later, Jinks joined her, empty-handed. "I couldn't get a thing," he announced breathlessly. "Mother was moving around too much."

"Oh, well, I don't care," Betty answered cheerfully. "We can find oranges, or berries, or something to eat — and, anyway, you won't have to go to your grandmother's."

For half an hour they tramped ahead steadily, until now the foothills of the mountains were before them. Betty looked doubtfully at Jinks.

"Yes," he said solemnly, "I think we ought to go up in the mountains. It'll be harder for them to find us up there."

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Gradually the road grew steeper and steeper until all four were panting. Robin Hood, discouraged, sat down heavily at the side of the road. "He wants a drink, and so do I," announced Betty. She gazed around inquiringly. Far down below them was the tiny Sing-Song Stream, but that promised nothing for Betty, since both she and Jinks had promised their mothers never to drink any water out of the stream for fear it might not be pure.

Then Jinks gave a shout. "Look, Betty, over there on the other bank. There's two orange trees, and they've got oranges on them. They'll stop you from being thirsty."

Betty pursed up her lips. "My, but they'll be good."

Jinks hesitated. "But do you think you can get over there?" he asked.

"Why, Jinks Patterson, of course I could," Betty declared indignantly. "Just exactly as well as you could." It was always most annoying of Jinks to suggest, as he sometimes did, that she couldn't do as many things as he could.

Jinks tied the shawl strap to the tongue of the wagon, and the other end around his waist so that

Jinks and Betty

he wouldn't need to hold the wagon on the way down. Then they started, first Jinks, then Mike, then Betty. Robin Hood, alone, stood hesitating on the trail. Because of the steepness of the slope and the scarcity of roots and branches to hold to, they had to go down backwards and on their hands and knees, but they finally reached the bed of the river, Betty with a long rent in her dress and Jinks with both knees gone out of his stockings.

Mike had come down easily, but Robin Hood still stood up above. When he saw the others starting for the natural bridge of stone, a little farther along, he gave a long howl, and sitting down, began to slide. He was soon rolling over and over, and every time he hit anything, he howled. Betty expected to see him land in pieces, but, once at the bottom, he picked himself up slowly, looked himself all over, shook himself, and barked proudly.

Jinks laughed. "That wasn't a bit of a stunt, Robin Hood. Any dog could do that."

But Robin Hood did not care what Jinks said. He was down, and very proud of it. He ran on ahead joyously.



Sitting down, Robin Hood began to slide.

Jinks and Betty

Across the river, it was not so difficult getting up the other bank as it had been coming down, so that they were soon standing on level ground again. "It's mighty funny to have orange trees out here in the mountains," Jinks began, but hardly were the words out of his mouth, when there was a terrifying growl, and a huge black dog ran out of the shrubbery. The dog did not jump for Jinks, but he ran 'round and 'round as if only waiting for a favorable opportunity to leap on him. Jinks stood paralyzed. Mike was off foraging somewhere, but Robin Hood, although he was about one-fourth the size of the stranger dog, suddenly sprang for him. Catching him by the throat, he held on desperately, even though the black dog tossed him every way in the effort to be rid of him. Betty picked up a stick to go to Robin Hood's aid, but Jinks called out warningly:

"Don't do that, Betty. He's liable to jump at you if you hit him."

"Oh, but Jinks, he is —" She did not finish, for, just then Mike appeared, and after standing still in amazement for a moment, joined in the fray. Instead, however, of attacking the black dog, he knocked Robin Hood loose, and then

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proceeded to make friends with the stranger.

Robin Hood backed away in surprise, and then, when he saw Mike lick the other dog's face, he turned sulkily away.

"Robin Hood's jealous," Jinks shouted in glee.

"Come here, you foolish little dog," called



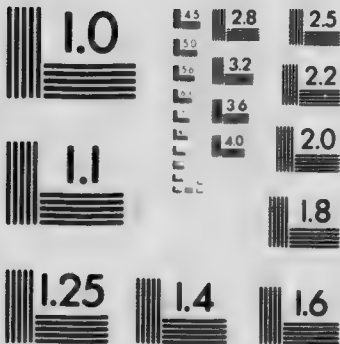
"Robin Hood's jealous," Jinks shouted.

Betty, but Robin Hood would not even hear her. He circled around Mike and the black dog, regarding them solemnly. Slowly, he came closer and closer until, at a moment when Mike was looking in another direction, he nabbed the black dog's hind leg. The dog snarled in return, but did not



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Jinks and Betty

run after Robin Hood, who had immediately retired behind a tree. Robin Hood growled out his disapproval to Mike, who paid no attention to him, and then he nabbed the dog's leg again.

This time something happened. The stranger dog made an avenging leap, Robin Hood howled, and Mike barked until Betty put her fingers to her ears. Robin Hood and the stranger rolled over and over on the ground, and when the black dog came uppermost Mike jumped on him. They were now one confused mass, which gradually moved closer and closer to the edge of the embankment, and then — they disappeared.

"Betty, Betty," Jinks wailed. "They've gone over."

"Oh, Jinks," Betty whispered. The two of them looked over the cliff, and through the eclipsing tops of the trees they could see a little moving mass below. Without a word they started down. Betty fell most of the way, but that hardly mattered, since it achieved the purpose of getting her to the bottom first. Mike was lying down, crying pitifully under his breath, while the strange dog was licking his ears, and Robin Hood his face.

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Wherever they touched him, Mike whimpered, but the only place where he seemed to be seriously injured was his leg, and that, even Betty could see, was broken.

"Oh, will he get well?" she cried.

"Of course he will," Jinks declared stoutly. "I didn't die when my leg was broken. You run across those hills, and I'll run this way. We must get help for Mike right away."

Betty ran as fast as she could in the direction of the orange trees, and after she had scrambled up and down a half dozen stubborn hills, all of them covered with grape vines, she saw a little cabin.

"Hi!" she shouted, with her last bit of breath. "Come here, quick! Help!"

A man came out of the cabin, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked at her curiously.

"Quick!" she called, beckoning, but he still only looked at her and shook his head. Now that Betty had come closer, she saw that he was an Italian and probably could not understand English. She took hold of his sleeve and tried to pull him. Then she waved her arms in the air in a vain endeavor to express the dreadful fight that had been going

Jinks and Betty

on. It was dreadful to make Mike wait this way. Finally, she thought of barking like a dog. Then a slow smile spread over the Italian's face, and he nodded his head. Betty took hold of his hand



The Italian picked Mike up carefully.
and led him across the arduous path by which she had come.

When the Italian reached Mike, he picked him up carefully, and deposited him on a soft grassy

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plot a little farther down. Then he signed to Jinks and Betty to hold him still, and he departed up the slope again. A few minutes later he was back with a wheelbarrow, two long smooth sticks, and an old torn blue shirt.

Jinks held Mike's head, and Betty buried her face in Robin Hood's neck while the man took hold of Mike's leg. In a second the bone had been pulled into place again, and Mike had only given one short, sharp howl.

Robin Hood's tail was drooping and his head hung. "You can see, Robin Hood, just what happens when you're horrid and jealous. I'm never again going to be jealous of Jinks," declared Betty.

In fifteen minutes, Mike's leg was standing out stiff from his body and was only visible as a mass of blue bandages. He had even recovered sufficiently to be anxious to lick the Italian's hands. Jinks and Betty covered the bottom of the wheelbarrow with old grass and leaves, and Mike was lifted in.

Jinks looked at Betty, and Betty looked at Jinks. Then Betty spoke slowly. "Of course we must go home!"

Jinks and Betty

"That'll mean I'll have to go to my grandmother's," asserted Jinks.

Betty patted Mike's head. "Well, I suppose that's better than not being nice to Mike."

Jinks started determinedly down the road to lead the way for the Italian to follow with Mike



Robin Hood's head hung.

in the wheelbarrow. "Of course we must go," he called back. "Mike'd never desert us if we were hurt."

The sun had long since disappeared when the strange procession reached the house. Both mothers ran up the road to meet them. Mr. Pat-

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terson and Mr. Ramsey were out searching for the two runaways.

"Why, Jinks, where have you been?" his mother demanded. "Don't you know the train goes at ten o'clock to-night?"

Jinks' eyes dropped. "I didn't want to go without Betty. We were running away. And then Mike broke his leg."

Betty's mother interrupted. "And that is why you came back?"

He nodded, and the two mothers exchanged glances.

Just then the two fathers came up the road on their horses, and the Italian had to be introduced and the accident described again.

Betty ran into her mother's arms and began to cry. "Oh, mother, I'll be so lonesome without Jinks."

Mrs. Patterson kissed her. "But, Betty, dear, we have a surprise for you."

Betty looked up quickly.

"You are going, too," her mother announced.

"Mother! Mother! Not really?" Betty cried.

Her mother nodded. Betty's tears were forgotten in an instant. "Oh, Jinks, do you remem-

Jinks and Betty

ber that funny old barn where we slid down the hay into the cow's feeding trough?" She was so excited she could hardly speak.

Mr. Patterson smiled, too, as he looked at Jinks' and Betty's happy faces. "It was very naughty of you to run away and make us so anxious, you know, but since you were unselfish enough to come back with Mike, I suppose you deserve the treat, anyway."

"Oh, daddy!" Jinks cried gratefully. And then, with a wild whoop, he and Betty were off to the house to collect the things they wanted to take with them, and to talk over all the interesting things they were going to do, once they were at his grandmother's.

